VOLUME 156 NUMBER 13

OUTLOOK
and Independent

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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

LOOKING FORWARD

MANY years ago, Immanuel Kant, German philosopher, said that mind is the active effort to hammer order out of chaos. Without the ability to arrange some kind of order from our perceptions, the world soon becomes unintelligible and therefore unbearable. Once order is granted, however, all things fall into their proper places so that soon it becomes possible not only to enjoy life, but to speculate upon the meaning of the world and our existence upon it.

TO CARRY the idea into the magazine world, it is clear that fundamentally, most magazines are based, whether consciously or not, on a formula of some kind, designed to bring a measure of order out of otherwise uncorrelated ideas or events in their field. The field may be politics, art or the steel industry or sport. It may even be more particularly women's clothes or the garden. Some kind of order, nevertheless, must be achieved in each issue of the magazine, if it is to be of use to the reader or serve to clarify his mind.

BECOMING specific, this magazine is definitely and consciously edited according to a formula from first page to last; although it may not be any more apparent to the reader than is the plot structure of a play. This formula, nevertheless, is definite and two fold. It is designed, first, to hammer order out of the relevant and irrelevant ideas and happenings of the day, particularly of last week; second, it is designed to invest these selected events with meaning—whether by editorial comment, special writers, reviewers or contributors.

GLANCE through this issue and see if the manner of doing this is clear or not clear and in what degree the result differs from the other magazines you read. It may prove interesting as a diversion from headlines about business depressions, tariffs, politics, and prohibition.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, November 26, 1930. Volume 156, Number 13. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the Outlook Company.

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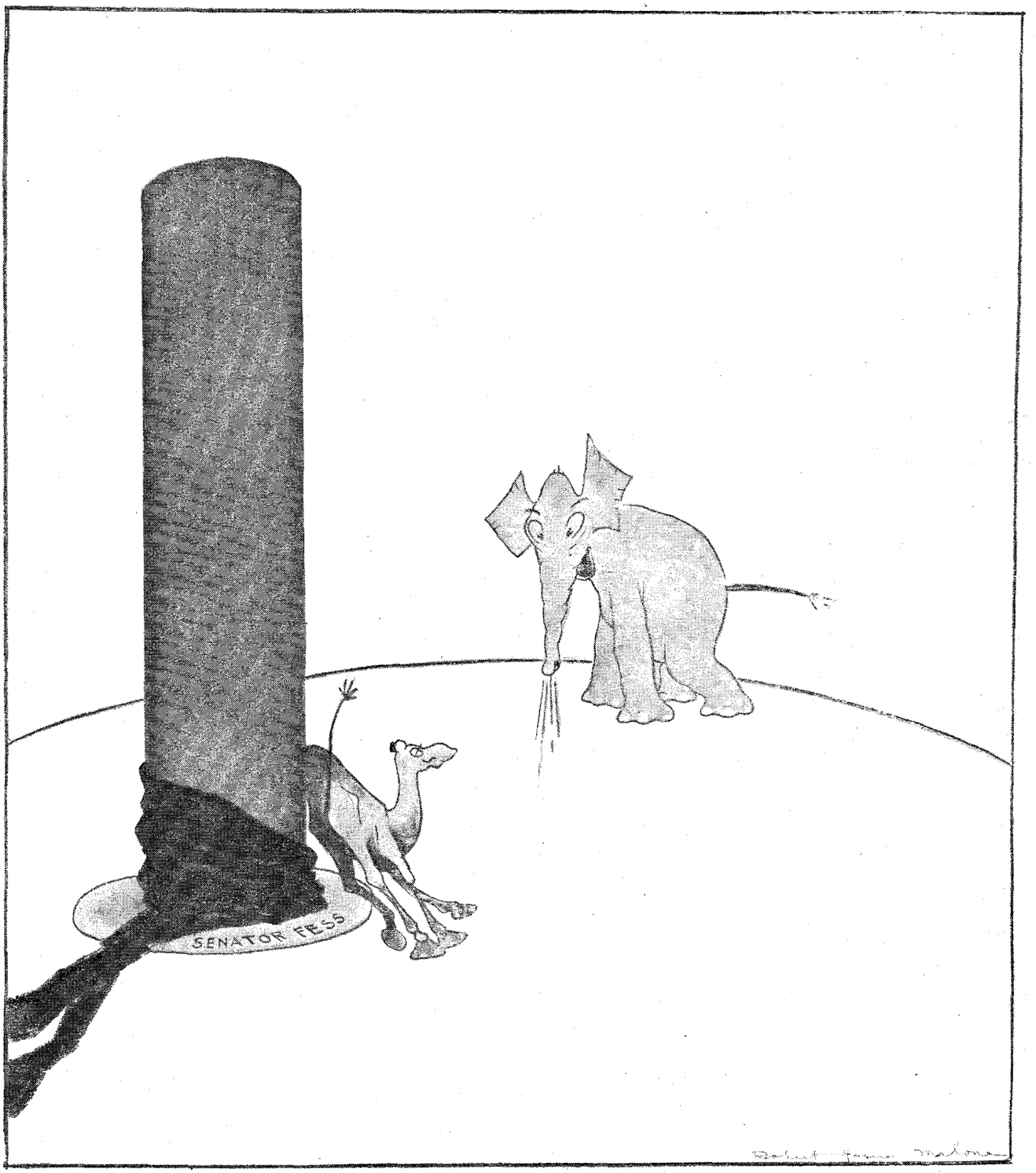

"OUT OF BREATH, SCARED TO DEATH OF YOU"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

November 26, 1930

The Trend of Events

Now, Mr. Dawes—

THOSE were admirable and American gestures of yours, inviting the Prince of Wales to have a pipeful of tobacco at a formal dinner and refusing to be seen in the conventional satin knee breeches on occasions of state. Why spoil everything now? Why turn expatriate? Why tell guests at the first annual dinner of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, Lord Derby and the Duke of York among them, that the United States has nothing to compare with the beauties of rural England?

What do you want, Mr. Dawes—hedgerows? What's wrong with refreshment stands? Do you like picturesque thatched cottages? We've got them. They rent for one dollar per person per night and have gasoline pumps outside. Trees? Ours have rustic tables attached, and signs singing the merits of Dandee Candee Bars and Quickasawink Shaving Cream. We'll bet you could drive through parts of England for miles without a thing to read except fingerposts at the crossroads.

Suppose you do like rural customs, Mr. Dawes? What's wrong with America's? Have you forgotten Tom Thumb golf courses, archery ranges and "You Hit the Balls—We Chase Them." Suppose you do like rural types. Haven't you ever paid a visit to Aunt Hattie, who runs the Korner Kupboard, or noticed the waiters in smocks and wooden shoes at the establishment known as Ye Olde Dutche Windmille?

Better make a trip home, Mr. Dawes, and brush up on a countryside that is a countryside. Trouble with you is you're probably homesick for a hot skinless frankfurter with mustard and piccalilli on toasted roll and a bottle of ice-cold cherry pop.

Spook

HERMAN DAREWSKI, conducting a dance orchestra at Covent Garden in London, saw the ghost of Richard Wagner's boy-hero, Siegfried. Noticing his drummer drop the sticks and stare, Darewski turned and beheld Siegfried, helmet, armor and all, emerge from the wall, glide majestically over the heads of the dancers and fade into nothingness.

Our first thought was that Darewski, a composer with a list of song hits—including "K-K-K-Katy" and "Whispering"—long enough to reach to Valhalla and back, had been poaching on Wagner's theme preserves. It is not unheard-of. If the classical composers whose themes have been snitched were to make ghostly protest, they would be kept flitting all the time.

On second thought we discarded this theory, deciding that if Darewski had observed the ghost more closely he might have read that "Siegfried" would be performed the following night, no advance in prices, or that seats were on sale for a new movie mystery, "The Man in Armor."

Our third and last thought was that Darewski was in cahoots with mediums who had bribed him to see ghosts in order to stimulate popular interest in the spirit world.

P. S. It turned out that the ghost was a helmeted fireman, who crossed the path of the spotlight while making his rounds of the building.

Co-operation in Congress

WHY SHOULD Senator Glass of Virginia denounce that co-operative co-operation statement so innocently issued by seven leaders of his party two weeks ago? Primarily, he says, because it seems to admit that a Democratic administration of public affairs might constitute a menace to business.

The statement by the seven leaders pledged the Democrats in the next (Seventy-Second) Congress to co-operate with the President and Republican members "in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country." It also declared—and this is what irritates Senator Glass—that Democrats "know perfectly well that even enlightened political selfishness demands that business should not be frightened." Have even the stalwart seven begun to believe the Republicans-and-prosperity-Democrats-and-disaster nonsense so familiar of recent years? Senator Glass suspects so. How can any sane person fear the consequences of Democratic success? asks this statesman from the old Dominion, where Democrats, suh, hold the offices and Republicans hold the bag. Why, there were 139 more bank failures last year than in Wilson's two terms, and never in any Democratic Administration did values on the New York Stock Exchange suffer a twelve-billion dollar decline in two months, as they did in September and October.

So far as the Senator chides the seven leaders for seeming to grant Republican arguments, he makes a telling point. He is less impressive when he chides them for committing the party to a precipitately devised course of co-operation.

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The two parties aren't going to compose their differences. That's all poppycock. Mr. Hoover has asked Republican and Democratic Senate leaders to co-operate on the regular appropriation bills in the short session of this (Seventy-First) Congress. They have said that they will, and they doubtless will. They might well co-operate again to prevent insurgent members from filibustering and so delaying the passage of these bills. This they can easily do, not only in the House, but also in the Senate, where the cloture rule can be invoked by two-thirds vote to shut off debate. Since both parties are eager to claim credit for relieving the plight of the idle, no doubt they will also co-operate on sound employment measures. Otherwise there will probably be about as much co-operation in Congress as in an honestly conducted prize-ring. Senator Glass needn't worry about that precipitately devised course of co-operation. For the next two years the one aim of Democrats and Republicans alike will be to climb into the White House over a bowed and bloody opposition.

▸▸*What's It All About?*

ALL THIS QUAKING over the thought of an extra session of Congress leaves us hopelessly puzzled.

President Hoover, announcing that the two parties in the Senate would co-operate in passing the appropriation bills, concluded by saying: "The fear and apprehension which have been expressed over reports that delay or filibuster would be resorted to to force an extra session of the Congress have therefore no foundation." This statement infuriated Senator Borah. "I think it an exhibition of superlative impudence," he says, "to be stating, in effect, that the Progressives or the Democrats have not just as keen a sense of responsibility and quite as intelligent conception of their duty as the regulars." But it is not only most regular Republicans who seem to dread an extra session. Most regular Democrats seem to dread it too.

Why? Obviously the appropriation bills should be passed as promptly as prudence permits, but why should anybody fret if a filibuster on one of these bills, or some other manoeuvre, forces an extra session, which, of course, would be an extra session of the Congress elected a few weeks ago? Astonishingly enough, there are champions of the Norris lame-duck resolution among those who feel that an extra session of Congress would be equivalent to an extra dose of poison. But how can one insist that Congress should meet two months after election, as the Norris resolution would provide, and yet in the same breath insist that it should not meet four months after the election of November 4, 1930?

Presumably the electorate chose the kind of Congress it desires. Why, then, quake to think that this Congress may soon convene? Would Congress injure business? If it would—though, really, it would be more likely to overwork in an effort to improve business—there is something wrong with our system of government. If it would not, what's this shivering all about?

Keystone

SENATOR GLASS OF VIRGINIA

▸▸*Back in the Pit*

NOVEMBER 15 brought violent conniptions to the Chicago wheat pit. Trading opened with wheat offered at seventy-three cents. When these offerings were gobbled up, along with larger and larger ones at the same price, the buying and selling became frenzied. Millions of bushels were purchased in single transactions, yet December wheat fluctuated no more than a quarter of a cent from the opening price. The day was without precedent in Chicago. Its influence was felt in Kansas City, Minneapolis and Winnipeg.

The bull turned out to be the Federal Farm Board. Although Chairman Legge at first denied that the board was buying wheat, he soon changed his tune. The purchases were made, he said, to stop panicky selling, to prevent unwarranted declines in domestic prices, and possibly, as he did not say, to take the steam out of the Republican insurgents' demand for the export debenture plan. He insisted that the world-wide demoralization in grain markets, light receipt of grain in primary markets, absence of congestion at the terminals and reduction of the wheat supply through feeding to farm stock justified his board's dive into price-fixing.

The flier into the pit was the second of the year for the Farm Board, which has the right by law to make these ventures, though it was set up primarily to prevent overproduction of farm products and to promote co-operative and orderly marketing. Last February the board sought to fix the price of wheat by purchasing nearly seventy million bushels, at prices ranging from $1.12 to $1.25 a bushel. Thereafter wheat fell to the lowest level since 1914. The price paid in Chicago on November 15 and the cost of storage (one and a half to two cents a bushel a month) indicate roughly the extent of the board's paper losses. Yet here is the board trying for the second time a policy which proved a flat failure the first time. Moreover, persisting in plain folly, Mr. Legge announces that government buying will continue indefinitely.

The present, therefore, is an opportune time to suggest that all members of the board and of the Administration re-read a statement made in 1929 to the special session of Congress called to formulate a plan of farm relief. That statement follows: "No governmental agency should engage in buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses lead only to bureaucracy and domination." The author of the statement was Herbert Hoover.

▸▸*Army-Navy Football*

BECAUSE of differences over eligibility rules, West Point and Annapolis had been unable to arrange a football game since 1927. The obstacles to an Army-Navy post-season game for the benefit of the unemployed were, therefore, petty, but were nevertheless more formidable than those which prevent any other two colleges from playing such a game. The two service academies, however, have hurdled the difficulties in good straightforward military style. However it was brought about—there are some indications of orders issued on high—their post-season game deserves hearty approval.

The game will be played in New York on December 13. It is expected to draw 80,000 spectators and yield $500,000 in gate receipts, which will go to the Salva-

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tion Army. Whether or not the armistice between the academies will become a permanent peace is of no great consequence. The thing to be stressed is that they are following a course which many colleges and universities should hasten to follow also.

Harvard and Princeton, Columbia and New York University, Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh could play games which would mean a great deal to unemployment relief funds. We suggest that they do so. Then there might well be a contest between the winners of the Notre Dame-Southern California and the Dartmouth-Stanford games. When the weather gets bitter in the east, a few northern teams might venture into Dixie —Yale, say, to Duke, which yearns to be the Yale of the South and has already defeated the Navy. For, after all, the weather is the only genuine obstacle. No doubt you have heard many other excuses, and no doubt they have left you unconvinced. That is the way they have left every one else.

▸▸Sabotage Claims Denied

Both the Kingsland and the Black Tom munition fires in New Jersey just before America entered the World War have been accepted in this country as German sabotage. Each destroyed millions of dollars' worth of munitions destined for French, British and Russian armies, each occurred under extremely suspicious circumstances, and each led the United States to seek damages from Germany—$18,000,000 for the fire in the Kingsland munition plant on January 14, 1917; $22,000,000 for the blast six months before in and around the Black Tom Island railroad terminal in New York Harbor.

Hence America's surprise at the dismissal of the two damage suits by the German-American Mixed Claims Commission. Unanimously, the commission has decided that Germany should not be held liable, ruling that the evidence failed to establish any direct connection between the fires and German sabotage activities in the United States. Nor does it stop there. The commission expresses doubt that responsible German representatives in the United States favored the sabotage policy. Furthermore, it is convinced that German agents engaged in sabotage here reported "gross exaggerations of their actual accomplishments."

The decision of the commission, set up by the Treaty of Berlin terminating the war between the United States and Germany, is the more impressive in that this body was dominated by Americans. One commissioner was a German, the other an American, while the umpire, instead of being a neutral, was Roland W. Boyden, an American also. Yet whoever reads their report should note that their clean bill for Germany in no way certifies that the two blasts were not indirectly connected with German sabotage. Nor does their dismissal of American claims answer the question of who started the fires at Kingsland and Black Tom Island.

▸▸Street on Stilts

New York City's new elevated motor highway for express traffic may some day be copied more widely than all its subways, Hudson tubes and Holland tunnels. Conceived in the New York manner ($12,500,000 for a double-tracked roadway whereon 10,000 autos may speed at forty miles an hour), the street on stilts was opened on completion of the first link, covering the mile and a quarter along the Hudson from Canal to Twenty-second Street. Other links will stretch the highway to Seventy-second Street, whence it will run some ten more miles up the Hudson atop New York Central Railroad tracks paralleling Riverside Drive.

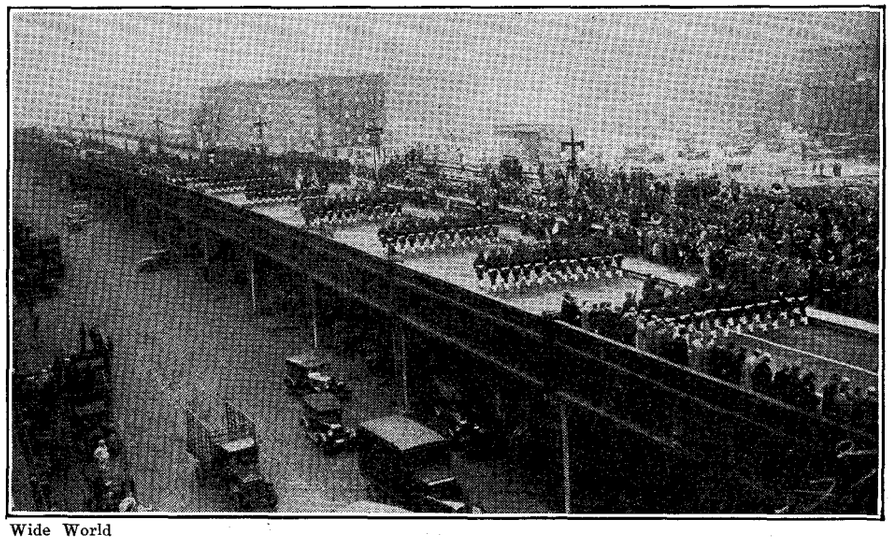
The prosaic-looking highway's two traffic lanes, each thirty feet wide, squat upon clumsy steel girders about two stories high. In sight, though not, glory be, in sound, the structure resembles an elevated railroad. A motorist gains the top by driving up a ramp. Once there, he can (and will have to) speed along, uninterrupted by the cross streets, police whistles and traffic lights below. At mile intervals there are side ramps, down which he may glide to cobblestones and traffic tangles.

The highway has been built as part of a system projected to encircle the city, connecting suburbs and traffic centers with bridges, ferries and vehicular tunnels. Undoubtedly it will expedite traffic up and down Manhattan Island. In fact, some traffic experts fear that it will make express traffic flow so smoothly that thousands of heretofore wary motorists will crowd into the congested parts of the city. At any rate, it is interesting to note that New York's first elevated highway makes its ironic appearance just when business men and civic leaders are demanding the demolition of elevated railroads.

▸▸On Birth Control

Three months ago, the bishops of the Anglican Church, meeting at Lambeth, England, condemned the use of birth control from "selfishness, luxury or mere convenience." They agreed, however, that when there is a moral obligation to avoid parenthood, and a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence, artificial methods may be used, provided this is done in the light of Christian principles.

According to a recent interpretation of the bishops' resolution by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lambeth conference recognized that there are circumstances in which there is a moral obligation to control the number of chil-



Wide World

SPEEDWAY

First link in New York City's West Side elevated express highway

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dren, as when birth would involve great danger to health, when it is financially impossible to provide for another child, or when additional children may render a prematurely exhausted mother incapable of doing her duty to the existing family. There are cases, said the Archbishop, in which complete abstinence—described by the Lambeth conference as the primary and obvious method of birth control—might prove injurious to physical and mental health. "In such exceptional cases," he went on, "could the use of means to avoid conception be denounced as in themselves sinful? . . . . The conference was . . . . unable to condemn the use of artificial methods as in themselves sinful, but insisted that their use was permissible only in those exceptional cases."

What the resolution as interpreted by the Archbishop boils down to, therefore, is this: that birth control by artificial methods is justified only in unusual and serious cases. Granted that the resolution represents a highly important first step by the Anglican Church. Nevertheless, in the Archbishop's version it patently blinks the facts. The fact is that artificial birth control among the married is now generally sanctioned by intelligent public opinion for ordinary as well as extraordinary cases. The fact is, again, that modern men and women demand, and cannot be prevented from exercising, complete freedom to limit their families according to convenience—"mere convenience," if you will. The fact is, finally, that they regard birth control by complete abstinence as an impracticable and doubtful ideal.

These are the facts. Simply to list them is to suggest that the churches still have far to go before they assume the attitude toward birth control already taken for granted among most intelligent men and women.

▶▶*Smoot vs. Lamont*

SPEAKING before the Academy of Political Science on November 14, Thomas W. Lamont, Morgan partner, listed six reasons for the current world-wide business depression. They were overproduction, both in many manufactured products and in basic commodities like cotton, sugar and rubber; efforts to maintain commodity prices artificially, as in wheat, copper and coffee; the fall in the price of silver and thus in the purchasing power of India and China; the almost unprecedented shifting of gold holdings among various countries; political unrest, notably in South America and the Orient, and rampant speculation, especially in America.

We Americans, said Mr. Lamont, have complicated our situation, as yet no one knows how greatly, "by hanging the load of a new tariff act around our own necks." Our increased tariff rates, he said, have led to "a certain feeling of dismay and ill-will abroad and to some retaliatory tariffs. They have probably caused also some harm both to home trade and to our international commerce, because of the uncertainties and dislocations which they have created. It would be easy to magnify the ill results of the new American tariff. We cannot class them as controlling factors in our present depression. But there can be

Keystone

SEES TARIFF A MILLSTONE
Thomas W. Lamont discussed ill results of Hawley-Smoot law

little dispute that we chose a most inopportune time for this particular tariff enactment. With both domestic and foreign trade beginning to show signs of a decline, as they did in the early summer of 1929, it surely was not the time to build up new barriers against world trade. Certainly, too, we did not take a happy method of encouraging our foreign customers to buy more of our goods. Nor did we make it any easier for them to pay their governmental debts to Washington."

We have quoted Mr. Lamont's remarks on the tariff almost in toto, since they so clearly and exactly express our own views. But it is only fair to say that Reed Smoot of the Senate Finance Committee thinks these views are cockeyed. Senator Smoot declares that agricultural prices are higher than they would have been, while "thousands and thousands" are at work in the textile, shoe and other industries who would have been idle, had it not been for the new (Smoot) tariff law. The only question now, he says, is "whether the tariff is high enough, not whether it is too high."

So take your choice. Senator Smoot is unquestionably the hotter orator—remember when he denounced an author as having "a soul so black that he would even obscure the darkness of hell"? Nevertheless, we consider Mr. Lamont the better economist.

▶▶*Failure at London*

AT THE opening of the Imperial Conference early in October, we pointed out that each of the British nations sent to London a premier convinced that his country must not sacrifice any of its present advantages for the good of the whole empire. In a phrase, that explains why the conference failed.

The conference opened with one major objective—to bind the British nations into closer economic union. There were, of course, other aims, such as translating into law the dominion autonomy defined and declared at the conference of 1926. These problems were more academic than practical. Their solution before the adjournment on November 14 in no wise compensated for the failure to achieve even a measure of economic co-ordination.

Neither of the two tariff plans before the conference satisfied more than one of the empire's two economic groups—the undeveloped dominions, on the one hand, and the highly developed United Kingdom, on the other. The dominions would have none of the Beaverbrook-Rothermere empire free trade plan proposing to raise tariff walls around and remove those within the empire. They wished to keep their tariff walls at present levels. Nor would Mr. MacDonald's Labor government accept the proposal of Premier Bennett of Canada that the British nations raise a tariff wall against outsiders and behind it bargain among themselves for concessions. In particular, the dominions wished England to put a tariff on grains raised outside the empire, which Mr MacDonald refused to do. Instead, he suggested that each member of the commonwealth set up a government import board to purchase goods in bulk from other British nations on a quota system. This complicated plan was sent to a committee which is expected to report to the Empire Economic Conference which

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will convene at Ottawa next year to tackle the question which proved too much for the conference at London.

A few of the dominions have ventured into limited tariff agreements with one another, leaving England out in the cold. Otherwise, the Imperial Conference achieved little or nothing, save to emphasize the fundamental economic difference between the dominions and the mother country.

The DO-X

THE DO-X, world's largest flying boat, designed by the German, Dr. Claude Dornier, was under construction for nearly two years at Lake Constance, Switzerland. It was first flown in July, 1929. Thereafter it was tested for nearly a twelvemonth before its gleaming silver grey hull rose over Altenrhein, Switzerland, bound for Amsterdam and New York City. The tests were followed by several changes in design, the construction of a new wing and the replacement of the twelve German air-cooled motors by twelve American-made water-cooled Curtiss-Conquerors. A year or so ago, the ship took 169 persons on an hour-long cruise over Lake Constance. No other aircraft, either heavier or lighter than air, has ever approached this record. Not the least of the ship's virtues is that, before reaching Lisbon, it was piloted over London by the Prince of Wales.

Responding to his touch was a powerful three-decked craft 131 feet long, with a wing span of 152 feet. In many ways it resembles a steam yacht, and sometimes acts like one. On the way to Bordeaux it taxied sixty miles on the water. The twelve motors, arranged so that any two may be repaired in flight, are capable of developing 6,000 horsepower. During the take-off at Amsterdam on November 10 they lifted more than fifty tons, including 22,000 pounds of gasoline in the lower deck, which is divided into water-tight compartments. Twenty-one passengers took the DO-X from Amsterdam to Calshot, England. Forty-five more could have been accommodated in the overstuffed chairs in the cabins on the middle deck. The upper deck holds the pilot house and the navigation, engine and wireless rooms.

The DO-X is distinctive as well as large. It is built on the safety principle of the division of duty and authority among navigation officers, engineers and pilots. Dr. Dornier has also attempted to overcome the hazards of over-burdened motors and inaccessible machinery. These are the technical reasons, as the plane's giant size is the popular reason, why the present long-distance flight of the DO-X has been watched with international interest.

Prematurely Hatched

WHILE THE DO-X was barnstorming in England rumors were heard of negotiations between two great airway systems for the establishment of transatlantic air mail service between the United States and Great Britain. The companies concerned were the Pan-American Airways of New York and the Imperial Airways of London, whose European-Asiatic-African network has the financial backing of the British government. The projected route was the three-hop course via Bermuda and the Azores. The carriers were to be multi-motored seaplanes. The trip was to take three days.

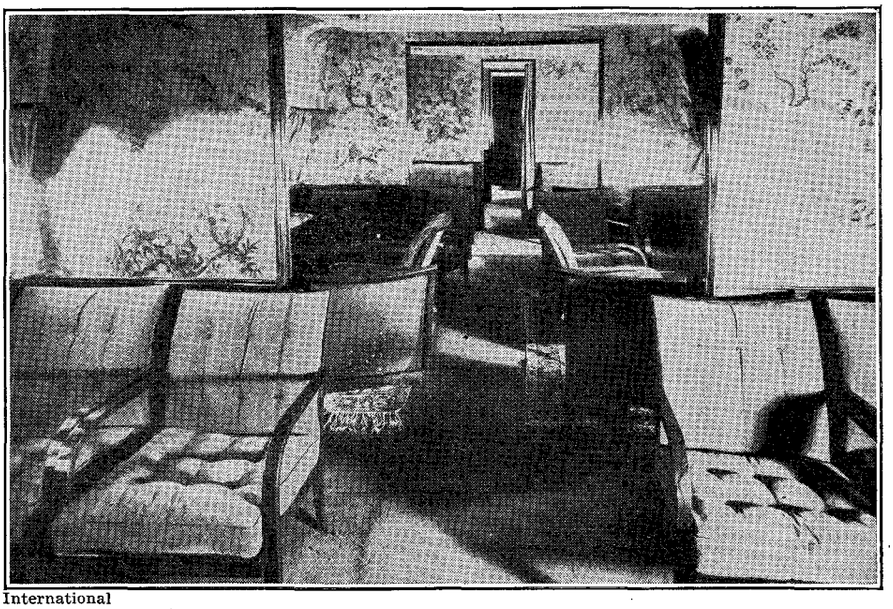
Within twenty-four hours after publication, discussions of the plan had been confirmed by officials of the Postoffice Department in Washington. Yet they lacked the all-important confirmation of the two companies themselves. In London the secretary of the Imperial Airways described the transatlantic project as "a little too imaginative," while an official of the Pan-American company told the New York *Times* that "air developments will have to progress much further before the transatlantic airlines come within the range of practicability."

From this it appears that the transatlantic fable was prematurely hatched. Heads of the two air systems have been and are now discussing means of establishing an air mail line between the United States and Bermuda. It would not be strange if these negotiations included some talk of the day when that line might become the western leg of a transatlantic service. But since the center leg would comprise 2,200 miles of open water between Bermuda and the Azores, that day seems far, very far, in the future.

Pilsudski's Victory

PREMIERS are not often dissatisfied with elections which increase their parties' parliamentary strength by more than a hundred per cent. Yet that is exactly what has occurred in Poland under the picturesque Premier-Dictator, Joseph Pilsudski. Marshal Pilsudski dissolved Parliament last August, declaring that his government was hamstrung, hoping that a new election would replace his minority support in the Sejm, or lower house, with a two-thirds majority by means of which he might rewrite the constitution to suit his whim.

At that time 118 of the 444 seats in the Sejm were held by the Premier's supporters, members of the non-partisan bloc popularly called Sanacja, or Clean-up party. Although he now has 248 seats, 48 less than the majority needed to amend the constitution, Pilsudski has gained ordinary parliamentary control and probably will be able to effect constitutional "reforms" through bar-



International

EASE ALOFT

The luxurious salon of the Dornier seaplane, the DO-X

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gains with other parties and blocs. The Premier has made a habit of getting what he wants, usually after conflict,

Keystone

PILSUDSKI OF POLAND
Whose so-called Clean-Up Party triumphed in the recent elections

often by nullification of parliamentary principles.

Even for Pilsudski—a revolutionist, Siberian exile, prisoner of war in Germany and ruthless military leader before he was dictator—the campaign to gain control of Parliament was high-handed. Shortly after dissolving Parliament, Pilsudski began to arrest candidates of the opposition. In some districts he jailed an entire opposition ticket; in others, only a delegate or two. Election day found eighty-one delegates in jail, all of them having been held without bail. Now that the election is over, Poland may expect to see Pilsudski establishing in law the dictatorship long established in fact. When that is completed, Poland under Pilsudski may become as aggressively militaristic as Italy under Mussolini.

▶▶*Be Thankful*

If in this our Thanksgiving season we the people feel that we cannot be thankful for anything, that may be our own fault. The citizen who really tries to be thankful, and if at first he doesn't succeed, tries, tries again, can find plenty of things to be thankful for. He might, for example be thankful

For our Hawley-Smoot tariff law. By discouraging foreign countries from consuming American products, it has encouraged them to consume the products of other countries, which are, after all, America's sisters.

For the naval conference at London. By failing to achieve its purpose of reducing armaments, it has kept thousands of men at work increasing armaments.

For our new Farm Board and farm-relief measure. After the former was appointed and the latter enacted food prices dropped precipitately, thereby preserving our agricultural classes from the decaying power of wealth.

For the inefficiency of our system of justice. Having kept hundreds of criminals out of jail, it has saved the overburdened tax-payer the cost of their upkeep.

For the Wickersham prohibition commission. By submitting no intelligent solution of the liquor problem, it has helped to preserve and enhance the prosperity of Al Capone, some of whose earnings may some day go to the federal government in income taxes.

For the year-long decline in the stock market. It has unquestionably benefited a number of professional bears, has enabled their wives to enjoy protracted European trips and to that extent has raised the level of American culture.

For—but that should be enough to show what we set out to show—namely, that the citizen who really tries to be thankful, and if at first he doesn't succeed, tries, tries again, can find plenty of things to be thankful for.

▶▶*Hamaguchi Shot*

Until Premier Yuko Hamaguchi walked across the platform of a Tokio railroad station on the morning of November 14, this year of unrest had produced no serious attack on the life of a prominent government official.

There had been revolts in Latin-America, rioting in Spain, a threatened *coup d'état* in Germany, an abortive putsch in Austria and innumerable reverses at the ballot box. Yet rebels, Fascists and prosaic ticket-scratchers all had seemed more intent upon attacking governments than governors.

Not so Tomeo Sagoya, a young Japanese who wears western clothes and belongs to the reactionary Aikokusha, or Love of Country Association. Tomeo waited in the rush-hour crowd on the railroad platform while Premier Hamaguchi ascended the steps of the station. He emerged unnoticed as the Premier moved toward the train, pressed his Mauser revolver against Hamaguchi's side and pulled the trigger. The Premier, white of face, fell without a cry, his hand clapped to his side.

Within five minutes Tomeo was answering questions in the Hibiya police station, while the Premier was being treated in the office of the station-master. Removal to a hospital, an operation, three blood transfusions and prayers at the Meiji Shrine followed swiftly. By the time messages of sympathy began coming in from other countries, censorship had been clamped upon the Japanese press. Students of Japanese politics recalled old rumors of plots against the Premier, reactionary opposition to his efforts at the London Naval Conference and unsuccessful attempts to assassinate his two predecessors. Though an orderly, law-abiding nation, Japan is strangely like Latin-America in its tendency to do violence to its government officials.

▶▶*Age of the Earth*

Nearly three centuries ago, in 1650, good Bishop Ussher decided that the earth was born in 4004 B. C. Two centuries later, geologists had fattened this estimate by fifty million years. At the beginning of the present century the figure had grown to 100 million years. Then, about twenty-five years ago, with the discovery of a new and more dependable basis for estimate—the natural, slow, but measurable disintegration of radio-active elements in the earth's rocks—the last generation of geologists was called upon to multiply its hundred million by twenty. For some of them, who all their lives had taught their students that the earth was somewhere between 50 and 100 million years old, this hurt.

Wide World

PREMIER HAMAGUCHI

It now appears possible that, in setting the age of the earth at about two billion years, scientists have been a bit

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too generous. According to Professor A. F. Kovarik of Yale, 1,852,000,000 years would be more like it. Fundamentalists, therefore, will declare that, since their opponents are unable to come within 100 million years of a correct estimate, they should shut up shop and go home. Standing by itself, a difference of 100 million years is, in truth, quite a difference. Yet it represents a deviation of only five per cent—about as far from the mark as the Fundamentalist comes when he judges the age of a horse by its teeth.

Professor Kovarik's 1,852,000,000-year estimate appears to have been featured by various newspapers as if it represented a brand new discovery, instead of a modification which, save for the perennial public interest in the age of the earth, never would have emerged from strictly scientific circles. Measuring the age of any rock, young or old, by the radio-active method, consists of ascertaining experimentally the percentage of radio-active elements originally in it which have been transmuted by Nature into lead. This, of course, is extremely technical work. The main fact involved in the present discussion is that measurements on specimens of all ages and regions by the radio-active method yield essentially consistent findings. It is not, as one might infer from the headlines, that scientists have hit upon something brand new or that they have been discovered in a serious blunder.

▶▶Marking Time

DURING THE SECOND WEEK of its conference at Geneva the Preparatory Disarmament Commission continued to mark time, save for an occasional step backward. Far from clearing the way for a general disarmament conference, the commissioners entangled themselves in a snarl of speeches and inconclusive roll-calls. To continue the calendar we began last week:

On the sixth day of its session—Tuesday, November 11—the commission considered the old familiar question of how to limit land armaments, which it had pondered, then dropped, early in 1929. The question was revived in an attempt to break the deadlock between those who favor the direct method of limiting guns and those who favor the indirect method of limiting dollars which are to be spent for guns. Germany, Russia and the United States favor the direct method; France and Japan, the direct method. Eventually Britain and Italy proposed that the two methods be combined, the United States that a nation be allowed its choice of the two.

On Wednesday Rene Massigli, French delegate, sought to end the controversy by having the subject dropped for the second time. He suggested that the indirect plan be turned over to a commission which would report to the general disarmament conference whenever one is called.

On Thursday Count von Bernstorff, German delegate, delivered a speech striking at M. Massigli, who had fired a blast at Italy.

On Friday there were four meaningless roll-calls and hot exchanges between delegates from Italy and France.

On Saturday the commission adopted the Massigli proposal for the creation of a committee and then plunged into unscheduled naval discussions. British and Japanese delegates announced that their governments, like the American government, would reserve the right to spend unlimited sums in building warships of superior quality, even though the number and size of the ships have been limited by the London naval conference.

On Sunday the delegates rested.

At this writing the commission seems to have stirred up sufficient dissension to spoil the never very promising attempt to effect a naval agreement between France and Italy. If only all days were Sundays.

Remarkable Remarks

There never was more money than there is today.—ROGER BABSON.

Those jolly old Democrats have promised not to embarrass the administration by selling apples in front of the White House.—"BUGS" BAER.

Under a Republican administration it is called a business depression. In a Democratic administration it is called a panic. Somebody the other day called it a cycle. They ought to call it a bicycle, because both Democrats and Republicans are being taken for a ride on it. —ALFRED E. SMITH.

I noticed that the fellows in the bootlegging business have no character and are not afraid of going to prison.—SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS.

The plain fact is that, to the young men who engage in it, war is rather pleasant than otherwise. —H. L. MENCKEN.

A birthday is not a thing for which a man derives any credit.— —DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

As I take stock of myself and try to imagine how others might consider me as being eligible as a husband, I personally fail to see why I should receive many, if any proposals at all.—RUDY VALLEE.

When a woman has good looks she might as well make the most of them.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

▶▶Lynchings

TWENTY-ONE prominent Southern women, meeting in Atlanta, have repudiated the stale excuse that lynchings are committed in defense of womanhood. Their resolution declares that every citizen who condones lynching, even by his silence, must be prepared to share the guilt.

These sentiments come less than two months after a Georgia mob raised the year's lynchings to twenty-three. There were only eleven in 1928, only twelve in 1929. The sharp increase this year follows decades of sharp decreases. From 200 lynchings a year in the early '90's, the annual average dropped to 100 in the first decade of the twentieth century, sixty in the second decade, and thirty in the third. In the past six years the annual average has been sixteen. The year 1930 is a throw-back, as were 1919 and 1926. The interruptions of 1919 and 1926 did not stop the trend toward fewer lynchings. Nor will the interruption of 1930. Yet, no matter what praiseworthy anti-lynching steps are taken in individual cases, there will be some lynchings in the South for many a year to come.

These often overlooked facts deserve consideration. There are others. Lynchings are not the work of the South's upper or middle classes. They are not approved by intelligent Southerners. They are the work of a powerful and almost uncontrollable class, largely composed of ignorant, irrational poor whites who come into economic conflict with the Negro. These people have always hated the Negro. The Negro has always despised them.

Both strengthened police forces and quicker, surer justice for offending Negroes and for lynchers have been tried as remedies. But the police power is bound to be relatively weak in the semi-rural communities where lynchings

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are most prevalent, and the average Southern officer of the law stems from the lynching classes. Furthermore, few lynchings are prompted by fear that courts will free suspected Negroes. On the contrary, lynchings are most prevalent in states where the Negro is least likely to escape legal punishment. A lynching is usually a personal matter—retaliation for a crime believed to have been committed against a friend, neighbor or acquaintance. Finally, since jurymen are quite likely to come from the lynching white groups, suitable punishment for lynchers is generally impracticable.

The facts of the matter, therefore, do not foster belief that the trend away from lynching can be suddenly accelerated. In last analysis, the discouragement of lynching must depend on education, which is essentially the remedy proposed by the women in Atlanta.

▶▶*In Brief*

HERE'S A New Yorker arrested for firing a shotgun at a motorist who kept tooting his horn. Henceforth, we trust, he will realize that a shotgun is all right in its place but there are times when one should use a camera. . . . Entered for the Which Cannot be Denied prize of 1930—Mrs. Thomas Edison's statement that "Women will be a great influence in the world for good with the right use of new opportunities, but they can do great harm through the misuse of these same opportunities." . . . Those who declare that Mr. Hoover is not primarily a politician are now in a position to offer proof. The President's complimentary message to the Houston convention of the W. C. T. U. was telegraphed, not whispered. . . . Now that John J. Raskob has bought thirty-seven sets of the ten-volume Oxford English Dictionary, his political opponents are probably worrying lest he present them to Democratic Press-Agent Michelson. . . . Pursuing our policy of telling people the facts in which they are really interested, we now point out that Paul John Kvale—Minnesota's young Farmer-Laborite who may hold the balance of power in the lower house of the next Congress—pronounces his surname "Qualley." . . . Of course it was interesting to learn that Bobby Jones, entering the talkies, will retire from competitive golf. It was even more interesting to learn that the matches Bobby has played in were officially known as "competitive."

The Republican Dilemma

An Editorial

VIEWING the results of the last election, it is no exaggeration to say that at the present moment there are hundreds of thousands of Republicans—particularly in the East—who are mightily exercised over the future of the G.O.P. where prohibition is concerned. Many of these men have kept quiet for the last few years because they were Republicans first and opponents of prohibition second. Nicholas Murray Butler or James W. Wadsworth might express the sentiments of these voters, so far as their private convictions were concerned, but Republican victory at the polls required party harmony and the Anti-Saloon League did not seem disposed to yield. For the time being, apparently, party loyalty required silence, or a brave attempt to be convinced that hope for reform really lay with Mr. Hoover. And meanwhile there was always the chance that the noble experiment might possibly be less of a fizzle than it appeared.

The events of the last two years, however, have gradually dissipated both these expectations. Prohibition has grown steadily more difficult of enforcement and the drys of the party have succeeded in keeping Mr. Hoover under their heel, no matter how unhappy he might be there. In the interim the Democrats, except in New Jersey, have seized the leadership on this important issue—mainly because the Al Smith stand of 1928 once and for all ended Anti-Saloon League domination of the party. With the election has come the inevitable result: striking Democratic wet victories from Illinois to Massachusetts, and national identification of the Democratic party with repeal. The expediency of 1928 has become the stupidity of 1930.

Nowhere is the truth of this better illustrated than in New York State, where the last minute conversion of Mr. Tuttle to the wet cause swung practically no votes whatever. Everywhere were seen posters which stated simply: Tuttle is a Fake Wet. The rising feeling of the northeastern industrial states could not be more simply summed up. Despite the best efforts of wet New York Republicans, independent wets voted for Franklin Roosevelt—enough of them to elect him even if the drys had run no separate ticket. As a general result of the election the industrial North and East served notice that hereafter it wants its wets genuine, not fake.

Prohibition became a national issue, even to Senator Fess.

To faithful Republicans the whole affair presents a most unhappy aspect. As day after day passes it becomes crystal clear that, other things being equal—and lack of prosperity may keep them so—the situation in New York State in the last election may easily be duplicated in the national election of 1932, if vigorous steps are not taken now to rid the Republican party of Anti-Saloon League and Methodist Board domination. A militant wet Democracy which could carry enough northern industrial states to enable the party to win would find little difficulty in persuading the South that states' rights will protect it on the liquor question. A Democratic victory would mean for the South wholesale patronage and practically all the important committee chairmanships in Congress. All that remains for the Northern Democrats to do is to nominate a Protestant, and fasten upon the Republicans the title "Fake Wets."

There is a strong probability that this will be the Democratic strategy.

To offset it, what do the Republicans propose to do? Run Mr. Hoover again on an evasive platform supported by the Wickersham Commission? Or run some one else as a kind of national Mr. Tuttle? Or still a third candidate as a genuine Anti-Saloon League dry?

To sincere Republican wets in the East any one of these courses spells defeat. Evasion will no longer do. A fake wet will no longer do. A Roosevelt, they feel, would beat him. A bone dry candidate is doomed on all counts. The only answer, then, is that the party must face the issue squarely, as Dwight W. Morrow has done. It must place itself nationally on the right side of the fence before the Democrats run away with the issue and pin on the Republicans a "Fake Wet" tag which will hang on for a generation.

If such a course, owing to a dry bolt, loses the election of 1932, well and good. For wet eastern Republicans are convinced that it would be lost by any of the other choices, anyhow. Lost in this manner it would at least be well and shrewdly lost. For in such a case 1936 would see the elimination of prohibition

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from national politics, by common agreement, and the probable resumption by the Republican party of its ordinary ascendancy in the nation. Above all, such a course would rid the Republican party forever of the Anti-Saloon League-Methodist Board incubus. Meanwhile a Republican victory in 1932 might still be possible if a new and sincere wet leadership in the Republican party, such as Mr. Morrow might supply, were to set itself to this task at once.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FEAR Franklin Delano Roosevelt will discover some day that his recent fondling of the Tammany Tiger may bring him the keenest disappointment of his career. That, we understand, would be the failure to obtain the Democratic presidential nomination in 1932, or, should he escape the political grave he is digging for himself, a defeat in the contest itself. We venture this prediction in the face of the fact that, if his luck holds, he should be almost a first-ballot nominee two years hence. Our informants tell us that everywhere except, possibly, in the South and certain sections of the West, the Democratic leaders are looking to him as their most likely prospect in what may be a likely year.

For this very reason he should be all the more careful during the next eighteen months. Indeed, the one complaint which Democrats everywhere have concerning his chances is that his association with Tammany Hall may arouse prejudice against him as it did against Alfred E. Smith. The latter suffered from this tie-up, even though he put and kept the political gang of New York City in its place during his reign. Had it not been for the organization's soreness at his honesty and idealism, we believe that Mr. Smith would have carried New York State against President Hoover. By the same token, the district leaders deliberately set out to give Governor Roosevelt his tremendous plurality in the recent election for the sole reason that they hoped it would make him a more powerful figure in the party than "the happy warrior."

Now, however, Governor Roosevelt faces the cross roads. We understand that Mr. Smith and Mayor Walker are barely on speaking terms, and that John F. Curry and his boys at "the hall" have virtually read "Al" and "Bob" Wagner out of the party. These bitter animosities were well concealed during the campaign, but intimates of all four men tell us that they have just about reached the breaking point. Mr. Curry, we recall, was long the former Governor's foe, their feud dating back many years. Mayor Walker and Mr. Smith have never had much use for one another in their hearts, as was evidenced when "Al," as Governor, once essayed to instruct "Jimmie" on how he should behave as Mayor and the organization's Prince of Wales. Smith, it seemed, thought Walker should be more of a Mayor and less of a Prince. He suggested, we understand, that "Jimmie" tend to business a little more closely, if it meant no more than keeping appointments on time. The Mayor, in his reply, threw a revealing light on the rivalry between the two. "Listen, Al," the city's boss is reported to have replied, "you look after being Governor and I'll look after being Mayor." Now that Mr. Smith's restraining hand has been lifted from Messrs. Walker and Curry, and from "the hall," it is up to some of its old tricks, as recent disclosures anent the sale of judgeships and other scandals seem to reveal.

Detroit News

Another Armistice

Governor Roosevelt, as so partisan a newspaper as the New York *World* contends, has shown neither a Smithian nor Rooseveltian attitude toward an erring group of politicians. Messrs. Smith and Wagner, on the other hand, denounced the judicial mess at the state convention in language that left many of their hearers speechless—that is, publicly. But what they said privately, we hear, was unprintable. The reaction came almost immediately. For Governor Roosevelt, who withheld both his hand and his voice, Tammany turned out and gave him a majority exceeding even those such a popular figure as Smith used to have. The Curry boys are gunning for Mr. Smith and Mr. Wagner, and, knowing the effectiveness of an angry Tammany, we would not, if we held or sought office as they do, care to be in their shoes.

Governor Roosevelt, of course, is playing wise politics—wise, that is, parochially. But in our conversations with Democratic leaders south of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi Rivers we find that they are following this feud in "the hall" with unbelievable care and concern and are counting on Governor Roosevelt as their strongest candidate. With the proviso, of course, that he survives his friendship with "the hall." He may not realize it, though the experiences of Samuel Tilden and Grover Cleveland should have enlightened him, but his friends of 1930 will be his handicaps in 1932.

Danger also looms in another quarter. Should Roosevelt be the Democrats' presidential nominee, the Republicans will seek to reawaken all the prejudices and passions of the Hoover-Smith struggle. Indeed, the recent squabble over the selection of a successor to District Attorney Tuttle of New York City, whom Roosevelt defeated so badly in the last election, is indirectly connected with the prospect of Roosevelt's nomination to oppose Mr. Hoover. The G.O.P. wants as prosecutor in Tammany Hall's and Roosevelt's den a man who can, day in and day out, turn the law and the spotlight on the Tiger's stripes and claws. Should he carry out this unselfish and noble commission, Governor Roosevelt may wish he had trained with the Smith-Wagner-Foley group instead of the Curry-Walker-Copeland crowd.

A. F. C.

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Tiger from Texas

A Portrait of "Speaker" Jack Garner

By RAY T. TUCKER

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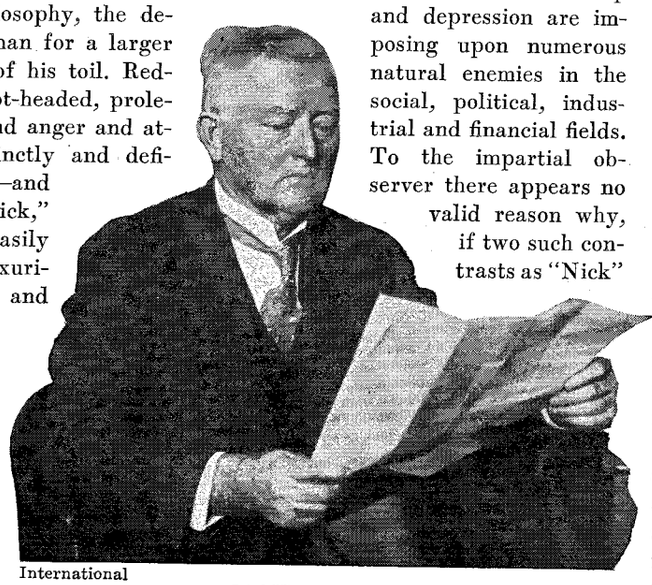
The House of Representatives in the Seventy-second Congress is so evenly divided between the two major parties that it is impossible to tell which party will control. The solution of the puzzle may depend upon the number of deaths in the months before the Congress meets. If Democratic mortality exceeds, Speaker Longworth will continue; if death hits the Republicans hard, the next Speaker undoubtedly will be "Jack" Garner of Texas, whose tigerish assaults upon Republicans have never broken personal friendships with his Republican colleagues. Also to be considered in the political puzzle of House control is the attitude of Representative Kvale, Farmer-Labor member from Minnesota. He may follow Garner.

•

IT IS one of the pleasant and promising ironies of present-day politics that "Jack" Garner and "Nick" Longworth —rivals for the Speakership of the House of Representatives in the Seventy-second Congress— should present the spectacle of a friendship without known parallel in American history. It is also significant that Longworth should be the man over whom Garner may triumph in the Democrats' prospective return to supremacy in the popular, legislative body. For it is in the House that public sentiment most quickly manifests itself, and the transfer of the gavel from the soft, silky hands of a Longworth to Garner's knotted and nervous fingers would reflect a deep change in current political values.

Though no great liberal or Progressive, Garner does represent the restless and revolutionary forces of the day— forces set in motion by the very failure of a Longworthian oligarchy to assure them continued happiness and prosperity. Garner symbolizes, in the cut of his pants and his philosophy, the demand of the common man for a larger portion of the profits of his toil. Red-faced, veiny-handed, hot-headed, proletarian in appearance and anger and attitude, "Jack" is distinctly and definitely of the people—and with them. Unlike "Nick," he did not progress easily and fastidiously from luxurious laps to Harvard and thence to his rightful place in a White House marriage bower beside the daughter of a President. He has a hot contempt for all that Longworth stands for—for the Longworths, for the Mellons, for the Rockefellers, for the Coolidges, for the Hoovers —for all who, in his opinion, seem to think that government belongs to the "haves" and that the "have nots" must make the best of it. In this respect as in more obvious ones "Jack" most resembles "Andy" Jackson, whereas "Nick" is a less studious, a less somber, a less philosophic Hamilton.

In still another respect the Longworth-Garner relationship may be symbolic of the times. It may reflect in a small and personal sphere the rapprochement which common hardship and depression are imposing upon numerous natural enemies in the social, political, industrial and financial fields. To the impartial observer there appears no valid reason why, if two such contrasts as "Nick" and "Jack" can minimize or mellow their abysmal differences outside of formal fighting hours, the camp-followers who march in their respective trains cannot be induced to strike an armistice in spirit. Viewed in this light, the fellowship which animates these friendly feudists may be prophetic, or at least exemplary. The affection between the "Speaker" and the "Speaker-elect" may presage an era of good feeling much more far-reaching than is echoed in such superficial slogans as "Here's to you, Jack," and "Here's to you, Nick."



International

"JACK" GARNER

The potential "Speaker" is of the people—and with them

The casual visitor to House galleries, however, would never suspect that the distinguished tailor's model in the Speaker's chair was kin under his aristocratic skin to the poorly dressed, white-maned, tousle-haired and shaggy-browed fellow leaning against the minority bench and pouring hot shot at the Republicans' unofficial Chesterfield. Yet such sights are everyday occurrences. Should "Nick" hold a night caucas of his associates, Garner arises the next day to denounce his foes' steam-roller methods. With a mischievous twinkle in his blue-bright eyes but with no trace of friendliness in his falsetto voice, he declares that "the old Plymouth Rock up there huddled his brood last night," and he paints a barnyard picture that convulses the House—and "Nick," too— with laughter. Once, while "Princess Alice" gazed down with undisguised pleasure, "Jack" satirized "Nick" as "that bald-headed coot." Should the Speaker, as sometimes happens, utter a faint protest against these epithets when they gather after adjournment for the inevitable story-swapping hour, "Jack" retorts with political profanity even more picturesque and peppery.

There are times, indeed, when Garner arouses the suspicion that he entertains a slight scorn for the Speaker's personal and political philosophy, though not enough to mar their mutual admiration. It is tempered by Garner's avowed appreciation of his friend's absolute sincerity and honesty, but it exists. A fisherman, hunter, cattleman and ranger in his day, "Jack" may deem Longworth's preference for indoor pastimes —and golf—to be a sign of class con-

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sciousness and softness. In fact, the Texan once invited the Speaker to spend a month at his home in desolate Uvalde County in southwestern Texas, but the invitation, apparently, was in the nature of an insult.

"'Nick,'" exploded "Jack," "you come down fishing and hunting with me in my country, and I'll take out some of that blue blood in you and put some red blood in its place."

To which "Nick" merely smiled and promised to accept—some day, perhaps, when places at Newport or Bar Harbor or Hot Springs are shuttered or padlocked.

Nevertheless, the friendship of these two men in these days of petty political squabbling among public officials and partisan spokesmen impresses the Capital as a fine thing and a happy harbinger. No matter how bitter the clash in Congress, the two entwine arms afterward and climb into the limousine provided for the Speaker by a generous government. Even there the sham battle does not end. For, in pretended derision, the Democrat who has never paid more than $700 for a car, joshes the wealthy Longworth for his willingness to ride in "the tax payers' chariot." Indeed, the latest chapter in the story of their unique friendship was written a few days after election in a telegraphic exchange.

"Whose car is it?" queried "Nick" as the tally revealed control of the next House to be in doubt.

"Think it mine," replied Garner. "It will be a pleasure to let you ride."

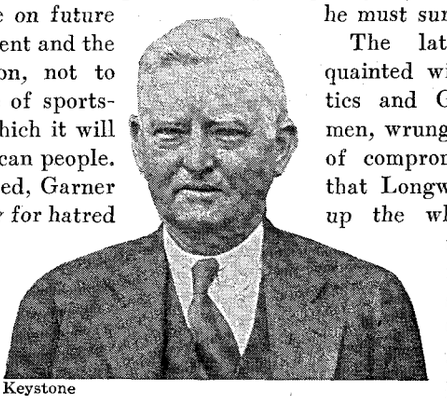
Like Senator Moses, Longworth may be pardoned if he fears "Democrats who come bearing gifts," especially if the Democrat be Garner. As they parted for the summer vacation last spring, "Jack" warned that in event of a change in control in the House Longworth need expect no mercy.

"I hope you are re-elected," said the Texan. "I hope you win with all my heart. And if you do, and if we carry the House, I'll hammer you down the first time you ask for the floor."

THOUGH political rule of the House is still a matter of life and death—and recounts—Washington looks forward to a tussle between these two waged on more even terms than in the past. No matter which emerges victorious from the political scramble, the one can—and will—make it hard and unhappy for the other. Less polished and less susceptible to social influences, Garner may easily prove to be the more dominant figure, even though "Nick" retain the Speakership. Meanwhile, Garner greets Longworth as "Mister Speaker" and Longworth addresses Garner with mock dignity as "Mister Speaker-elect." In any event, their peculiar relationship will exert a deep influence on future affairs of the government and the Hoover Administration, not to mention the spectacle of sportsmanship in politics which it will provide for the American people.

As might be expected, Garner has as great a capacity for hatred as for friendship. Nor is it any accident that his principal protagonist in public life should be Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury and the third richest individual in the United States. Against the fiscal policies of the Pittsburgh banker Garner has carried on unceasing warfare. He publicly pillories the Cabinet member as "Uncle Andy," and never misses an opportunity to berate him roundly. Indeed, Garner's outstanding achievement was his defeat of the first Mellon tax reduction program at a time when the White House, Wall Street and wailing millions were insisting that it must be enacted without the change of a comma. That Garner, fighting almost alone against such odds, should have succeeded so well is testimony to his ability as a leader and legislator.

"Jack" scanned Mellon's original recommendations with a snort. No sooner had they been produced at the Ways and Means Committee meeting, where his quick-wittedness and his knowledge of taxation problems give him an advantage over most of his colleagues, than he denounced the proposed rates as unfair to "the little fellow." Almost overnight he prepared complex tables to show that the tax on incomes of $200,000 would be cut from $86,640 to $52,740 under the Mellon plan, whereas the tax on a $5,000 income would be reduced only from $100 to $75. As if this were not sufficiently devastating, he introduced a rival measure that made a $200,000 income taxable at $76,430 and a $5,000 wage earner liable for only $40. For months he stood like a lone tiger at bay—resisting the veto threats of Mellon and Coolidge, the cajoling of many of his colleagues and basketfuls of propaganda inspired by the bill's beneficiaries. After a winter of recriminations and negotiations, he obtained a compromise nearer his figures than Mellon's. But not before "Nick," realizing the hopelessness of the struggle, found it necessary to resort to poor poetry to convince Mellon that he must surrender.



Keystone

The Texan knows a goat when he sees one

The latter, then unacquainted with practical politics and Garner's breed of men, wrung his hands at talk of compromise, and implied that Longworth was running up the white flag. Whereupon, the resourceful "Nick," in despair at the Cabineteer's ignorance of legislative proceedings — and Garner — thought to drive his point home by replying with a Mother Goose parody. Recited "Nick":

"Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow.
It followed her to Pittsburgh one day,
And look at the damned thing now."

Ever since this clash Garner has cherished keen resentment against Mellon. He has held the Pittsburgher up to scorn as the Machiavellian prince of the Republican party and the financial figure who pulls the golden strings to which Presidents, Cabinets and legislators pirouette. He has branded treasury tax refunds as political favors to G.O.P. "angels," and assailed them as one means by which Mellon dominates legislation and public sentiment. Again and again, it appears, Garner's virulence has been unwarranted by the evidence, but he always returns to the attack, and he has scored more often than he has missed.

In 1927, for instance, when Ogden L. Mills, now Under Secretary of the Treasury, sponsored a Mellon proposal for issuance of bonds on alien property as compensation to American claimants against Germany, in return for which the sequestered goods would be immediately returned, Garner displayed characteristic but questionable capacity for undermining the project. In a flag-waving address the minority leader pointed out that Mills himself, the official sponsor of the bill, would benefit from it. Even though "Jack" assailed the suggestion largely because he

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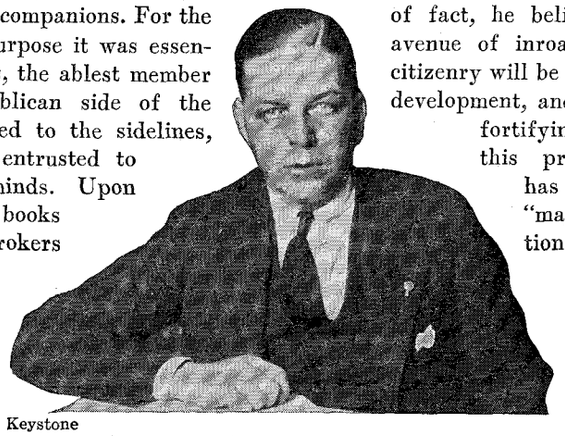
thought it a bad bargain for the American claimants, he insinuated that Mills would somehow profit from it. It mattered not that Garner's portrait stood on Mills's mantel, or that the two were corridor companions. For the Democrat's purpose it was essential that Mills, the ablest member on the Republican side of the aisle, be forced to the sidelines, and the bill entrusted to less acute minds. Upon consulting his books and his brokers Mills discovered that, as "Jack" had warned, he did own a few shares of stock in a company pressing a claim against Germany. Thereupon, he stepped aside immediately, and, as a result, the measure died.



Keystone

PAUL KVALE
The only Farmer-Labor member of the House; his vote may decide a deadlock

Some there are who accuse Garner of prejudice and partisanship for the fierceness of his fight on the septuagenarian who presides at the Treasury. But the inspiration lies deeper, and it is wholly impersonal. In his attitude toward Secretary Mellon, and toward the philosophy which the latter propounds in his legislative proposals, may be discovered Garner's own basic political creed. It is that the "major discrimination" against the common man—and within that category he includes the farmer, the wage earner and the small tradesman—is to be found in the system of taxation, whether directly, as in the income, inheritance and similar levies, or indirectly, as through the tariff.

"Our taxation system should be divided between two theories," says Garner. "We should raise one-half the revenue on the basis of ability to pay, and one-half on indirect taxation. That would be a fair division. If I had my way, the taxes would come from five general sources of revenue—estate taxes, income taxes, customs receipts, tobacco and non-essentials and post office receipts."

It is because of his conviction that the masses suffer most from an inequitable imposition of taxes that he has, through study and reading, made himself a specialist in these matters, and it is doubtful if any member of Congress excels him in these fields. Indeed, his concentration on these questions frequently subjects him to the charge that he lacks breadth. For this sort of criticism he has little patience, and leaves other issues to other experts. In point of fact, he believes the next avenue of inroad against the citizenry will be through power development, and he is quietly fortifying himself on this problem as he has on the other "major discrimination."

Garner regards himself as an "old-fashioned, Jeffersonian Democrat." He is not keen for innovation, having opposed both the woman suffrage and prohibition amendments, and for that reason he is not listed as a liberal with a large "L." Nevertheless, his fundamental feeling that the "underdog" deserves a "better break" inclines him toward many movements classed as progressive. For example, he favors the Norris "lame duck" amendment as well as the same Senator's proposal for government operation of Muscle Shoals. But it is probable that Norris's willingness to accept an amendment for government sale of power to private distributing companies is more agreeable to Garner than the original plan of outright public operation.

On the question of protection the minority leader was out of step with his party for many years, but in his Louisville address Alfred E. Smith, the 1928 presidential candidate, embraced the Garner doctrine. The Texan advocates protection of American industry, but he insists that it shall not be made a pretext for exaction of tribute from the people for the benefit of large and profitable corporations. As a representative from a goat-raising country, he has fought for a tariff on mohair—a goatish product—and for free wool. In an amusing scene in the House during consideration of the Payne-Aldrich bill he expressed his tariff views, and, as always, in picturesque phrase and pantomime. He arose to reply to a Republican lyricist who had read a poem entitled "Thou Garner Goat of Texas," in which Garner was accused of inconsistency for supporting a duty on mohair at the same time that he opposed one on wool.

"My position is not inconsistent," roared "Jack." "I favor duties on materials that go into expensive goods but free entry of materials that go into clothes the poor man wears. Every man in this House, I dare say, wears a suit with some wool in it, but not ten of you have any mohair on his back."

Then, breaking into a characteristic Garneresque peroration, he turned on his poetic assailant to deliver the only literary outburst—if it may be called such—that can be discovered in his twenty-seven-year-old record.

"Anyway," he concluded amidst shrieks of appreciation from the floor—

> "It's a hell of a poet
> Who doesn't know a sheep from a goat."

Curiously, a comparison of this legislative lyric with Longworth's offering in Mellon's office indicates that the untutored Texan and the Harvard graduate have more in common than one would suspect from a study of their careers.

To mention Garner's simplicity is to gild the plainest flower that grows. His is the plainness which needs no elaboration or eulogy. In appearance he is, without a doubt, the most humble and artless person on Capitol Hill. He frequently goes unshaved till late in the afternoon, but it is quite in keeping with his personality and it attracts no adverse comment. He fights off attempts of his wife and his secretary to persuade him to buy a new suit of clothes. His hair is rarely combed, and his pants rarely pressed. But in Garner the twinkle in his eyes and the smile ever playing about his lips blind the beholder to superficial, sartorial imperfections. Moreover, beneath the unpressed suit and good nature lurk an inner forcefulness and a dominating mind. He is, in short, the frontiersman come to Congress. With a gun in each fist, he would delight the heart of an artist as a model for "Deadwood Dick."

He lives simply at the George Washington Inn, a modest hostelry across the street from the House Office Building. Nights he spends in reading, bridge or poker, or in chumming with Congressional cronies in one of the hotel rooms known as "Dinty Moore's." There, if the mood be upon him, he will step through a few lively dance figures to a tune sung in cracked tenor by the elderly

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▶▶ Hindenburg Losing His Grip ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

RECENTLY a German Cabinet Minister rejoicing in the strange name of Treviranus made Europe —especially France and Poland—sit bolt upright in sudden and acute alarm. He made a couple of speeches denouncing the Versailles Treaty, denouncing the Polish Corridor, denouncing Europe in its post-war shape, dangling before Germans the hope that before long that ancient Continent would be made over more to their liking.

It was not only the fact that Herr Treviranus was a member of the German Cabinet which made Europe sit up and take notice when he spoke. Europe knew that Herr Treviranus was very close to Germany's President, old Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. In fact, Herr Treviranus was—and is—as close to that aged warrior as anybody in Germany. He is a regular German Colonel House; he wields an uncanny influence over Hindenburg. So no wonder Frenchmen and Poles were worried when Treviranus came out in his speeches as a rabid reactionary. Suppose Hindenburg becomes another, Frenchmen and Poles reflected—how pleasant for Europe!

They wouldn't have worried a couple of years ago. Then Hindenburg was quite capable of picking and choosing between advisers in the way best suited to the good of the German Republic. Now, however, he is no longer the man that he was. He is showing his age. Eighty-three years old on his last birthday a few weeks ago, he tends more and more to fall under the influence of unscrupulous politicians; he becomes constantly more exposed to being used by such men for their own partisan ends, to the detriment of the general welfare of Germany.

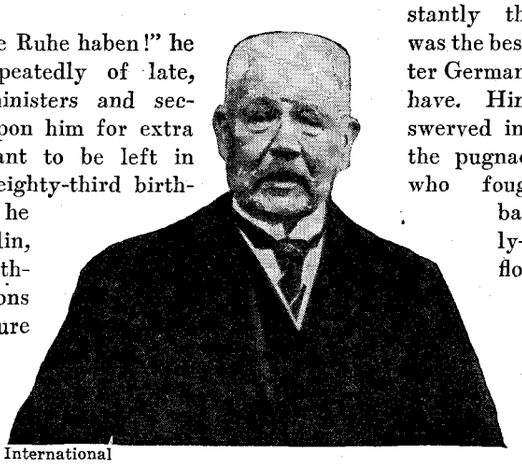
This applies particularly to his relations with Herr Treviranus. For months the latter has had a peculiar ascendancy over President von Hindenburg. The old veteran listens willingly to him. Now Treviranus, who was an officer of the German navy in the World War, is a reactionary of a particularly dangerous type. Against firebrands of his sort Hindenburg has heretofore sternly set his face. But now, in his old age, he seems to be weakening, to be losing, to some degree, the attitude of conscientious non-partisanship which has proved of such incalculable value to the German Republic in its struggle for existence. It is easy to imagine what may befall that republic if Hindenburg, the octogenarian, should yield, in these last years of his incumbency of the German presidency, to the seductive songs of German extremists of the Right.

Two years remain of Hindenburg's seven-year term. During its first five years he has proved the strongest bulwark of republican Germany against the extreme Junker reactionaries on the one hand and extreme Socialism and Communism on the other. Will he continue to be a tower of strength for the hard-beset republic during the remaining years of his term? Or will the foes of the republic prove too much for him and the closing period of his presidency bring conflict and even disaster to the cause of democracy in Germany?

These questions are being asked all over Germany today. They are being asked all over Europe, in fact, for on the answer to them much depends in every European country. And they are being asked in tones of apprehension and foreboding.

For signs multiply that Hindenburg is losing his grip. His gigantic frame gets more and more bent. Ever more tired grow those stern old eyes. Ever more arduous becomes the round of duties imposed upon him by his high office.

"Ich will meine Ruhe haben!" he has growled repeatedly of late, when cabinet ministers and secretaries called upon him for extra exertions. "I want to be left in peace!" On his eighty-third birthday this autumn he fled from Berlin, dreading the birthday celebrations which he felt sure would be inflicted upon him if he stayed. He hid himself away deep in the Bavarian highlands, amid the quiet and solitude which are becoming more and more necessary to him. And this craving for quiet, this growing reluctance to face official duties, may well spell calamity for the German Republic.



International

FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG
Eighty-three on his last birthday

There is no doubt what von Hindenburg has meant to that harassed state during the five years of his presidential term. Despite the prejudices of a lifetime against democratic ideas, he has been extraordinarily just and non-partisan during his incumbency of the German presidency.

Having once taken the oath of fealty to the German Republic, he has refused flatly to use his official position to further the ends of the extremists of the Right, those who once wanted the restoration of the German monarchy and now lust for a dictatorship of Germany's reactionary parties. By this stand he has alienated dyed-in-the-wool Junkers who dreamed that Hindenburg's advent to the presidential chair merely meant the first step toward the destruction of the upstart post-war Germany which had superseded Kaiserdom and Junkerdom. But, on the other hand, he has won for himself not only a wholehearted respect from his fellow-countrymen transcending that which came to him during the World War, but also the admiration of everybody everywhere who believes that the existence of a strong republican government in Germany is the best guarantee of continued peace in Europe.

Until a year ago Gustav Stresemann (probably the brainiest German since Bismarck) was conducting Germany's foreign policy hand in glove with Hindenburg. The old warrior realized instantly that Stresemann was the best Foreign Minister Germany could possibly have. Hindenburg never swerved in his support of the pugnacious little man who fought Germany's battles so doggedly—now on the floor of the Reichstag, now in London, now in Geneva or The Hague or Locarno.

It is no exaggeration to say that Stresemann — Germany's vanguard—solidly backed by Hindenburg—literally killed himself in the service of his country. His doctors had warned him not to work too hard; he had broken down once already; every day brought signs of greater weakness

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Hoover-Conscious Stanford

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

TWO things supposedly are capable of making any American university really and truly happy. One is to produce a football player good enough to be memorable for a generation of intercollegiate athletics. The other is to see an alumnus elected President of the United States. The football player may eventually get into jail, Congress or habits of chasing one movie queen after another. Still, mention of how he made four unassisted touchdowns in the last fifteen minutes against Transylvania is always good, especially at alumni sessions, for lots of pride, glamour and gladness.

But raising a President has even better advantages. For one thing a President's adult conduct rarely has to be watched for possible reflections on the alumni body's ethical traditions. The great man makes great publicity. If he comes back to reunions, commencements, "big games" or trustees' meetings, it is to the blare of press headlines and endless chains of camera batteries. He is sure to appoint a few prominent graduates to government jobs and thus spread the idea of Haverhurst as a builder of great careers.

Thus Yale under Taft was the focus of a thousand sunny press blurbs and under Roosevelt even Harvard all but acquired a reputation for accepting the universe with gusto. Thus Amherst slyly utilized Mr. Coolidge's eminence to advance its own while thousands of Princeton graduates came to forgive Dr. Wilson as a home town boy who had made good despite his initial errors in campus politics.

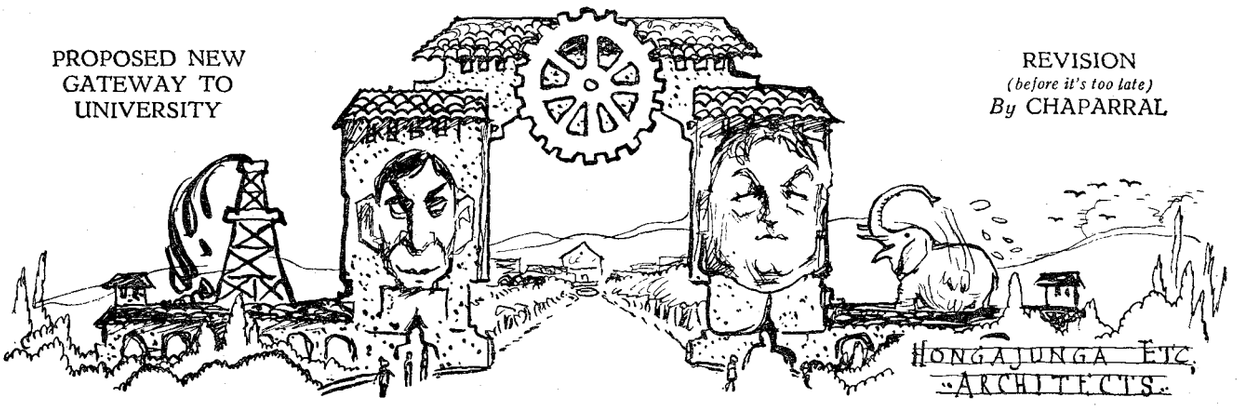
In short, the idea of an American university being rendered unhappy by the elevation of an alumnus to the Presidency is all but incredible. Yet the incredible has happened. Over the Hoover-Ray Lyman Wilbur connection with university affairs Stanford has just escaped a student and alumni outbreak, and is still morose.

THE situation revolves around President Hoover's peculiarly intimate relation with Stanford affairs. Other universities have their distinguished alumni who fiddle about more or less with management policies, but Mr. Hoover, without possibly doing any more fiddling than the average, is something more than this. He bulks larger than any conceivable distinguished alumnus could on a Yale, Harvard or University of Virginia roster, because he has been a distinguished alumnus virtually all of Stanford's life. He emerged with the first class to take the entire undergraduate course. Before he was twenty-six he had an independent fortune—Stanford's first wealthy graduate. Thus long before he was known elsewhere outside of a comparatively narrow group in the mining profession, Mr. Hoover was to Stanford a major folk hero. Moderately well-to-do and completely successful while most of his college generation were still getting their professional training or holding subordinate jobs, he was the brand new university's first shining example of a graduate who had "made good."

Other elements contributed to the Hoover prominence. The young university, with ideas in the background of developing a kind of Oxford-Harvard-Yale prestige on the Pacific Coast, hungered to create traditions. College traditions grow up best around personalities, and since Mr. Hoover was practically the first eminent personality produced by the Stanford campus, he was fairly well launched as a tradition before his thirtieth birthday. A kind of undergraduate saga was in existence by that time—a thoroughly inspirational and meritorious saga—concerning his efficient self-support endeavors, his immense strength of character, his painstaking quality as a scientific student and even his romantic marriage to a co-educational graduate.

Younger classes coming along in the 1900's were told by upperclassmen, faculty advisers and alumni that admiring and imitating Mr. Hoover was about the noblest thing a real Stanford man could do. Already in the swift passage of campus generations his "time" seemed relatively remote and near the beginning of things, according to Stanford chronology, so that the fast growing group of younger graduates looked up to him almost as a co-founder. Finally, about the time Mr. Hoover's campus contemporaries reached the age to rival him in wealth or professional celebrity, he became the hero of Belgian war relief, food dictator, Secretary of Commerce and President. It was as though Mr. Taft had become President after dominating Yale's imagination during Yale's entire history or as though Mr. Wilson had entered the White House directly from a victory over the Princeton club system.

All this might have been of comparatively slight consequence if Mr. Hoover had been admired from afar and his contacts with university affairs had been fairly casual. But they were decidedly practical. In his rare visits to the United States the distinguished alumnus lived on the edge of the campus. Partly be-



The proposed new gateway to Stanford University as caricatured in the Stanford "Chaparral"

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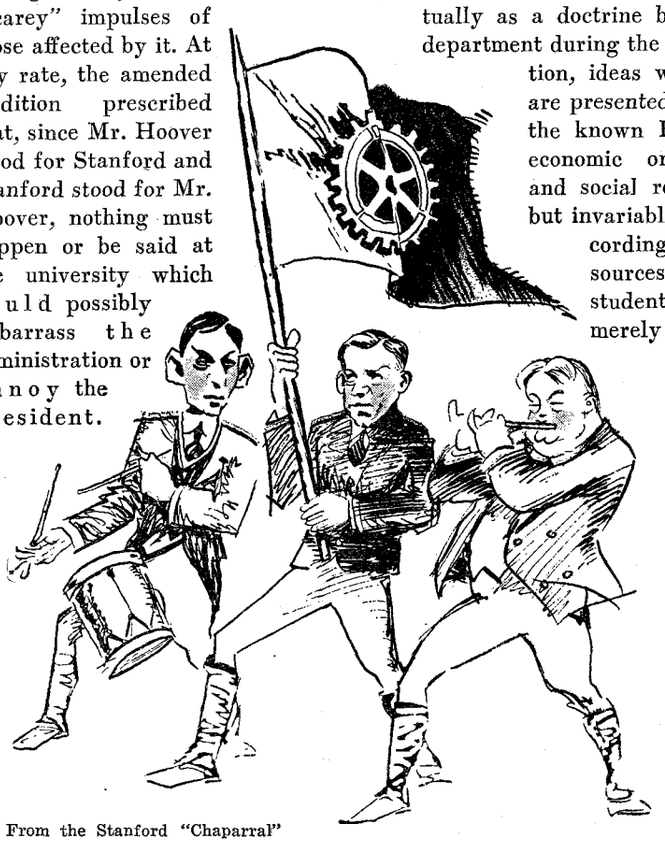
cause of his long residences abroad, his closest American friends were older Stanford alumni and their circle. Meanwhile his brother Theodore Hoover was advancing on the faculty to the grade of Dean of Engineering—no less a campus celebrity for being the brother of the most eminent graduate. The Hoover influence, too, as George West has shown in his recent *American Mercury* article, "The Success Boys At Stanford," was powerful, if not crucial, in the choice of Ray Lyman Wilbur, an intimate member of the Hoover campus circle in undergraduate days, as president when Dr. David Starr Jordan retired. The Hoover influence backed, too, the Wilbur policies of emphasizing scientific and professional training over undergraduate cultural courses. Finally, when Mr. Hoover was elected to the Board of Regents in the first flush of his world celebrity, he found there as colleagues a group of elder alumni and west coast millionaires who, on the rare occasions when they did not see eye to eye with him on social, educational and administrative problems, were hardly anxious to disfavor the distinguished alumnus by opposing him seriously on minor points.

Stanford, in other words, after a quarter of a century of acute Hoover-consciousness drifted during the 1920's almost into the condition of a Hoover province. The future President had not gone his own way after graduation as is customary in distinguished graduates elsewhere, but increasingly Mr. Hoover's ways and Stanford's ways had become one. That this situation may have come about without any definite effort on the part of the President is largely beside the point. Admiration of Mr. Hoover had become a Stanford tradition, the tradition had bred flocks of "yes" men among the alumni, the "yes" men had increased in pliability with Mr. Hoover's prominence, and now they governed Stanford. So when Mr. Hoover's final elevation took place, they were immensely conscious—with the pride of graduates of a still young university—of having given to the nation a Stanford administration, and also of their solemn responsibility to govern Stanford as a presidential fief.

THIS, as it appears, is what has made Stanford enjoy the experience of having an alumnus in the White House less than other universities. This, in fact, is what the moroseness is all about.

Immediately after the election, for instance, the Hoover tradition at Stanford received a new amendment. Where it started is difficult to say and it apparently cannot be laid directly at the door of the authorities. It may even have sprung entirely from the unwarrantably "scarey" impulses of those affected by it. At any rate, the amended tradition prescribed that, since Mr. Hoover stood for Stanford and Stanford stood for Mr. Hoover, nothing must happen or be said at the university which could possibly embarrass the administration or annoy the President.



From the Stanford "Chaparral"

THE MILE-A-MINUTE MEN

Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, Almon Roth, President of Rotary International, and President Hoover

Whispers went around among the more conservative alumni, among the still graver young men who run the serious student affairs and especially among the faculty sets, that to be responsible for such an incident would be highly impolitic. Faculty members, with promotion, pay and academic progress in the balance, even rationalized that it might be "dangerous."

In consequence, as a place for the discussion of public policies or issues which could be remotely connected with the Hoover administration, Stanford practically dried up. It goes without saying that, under the circumstances, while many are distinctly dissatisfied according to their private admissions, not a single alumnus, faculty member or student has been found by San Francisco newspapers willing to discuss the Hoover connection and influence critically under quotation marks. More than this, for nearly two years, scarcely a single professor has been available for newspaper interviews or other public statements on any controversial public question on which his views might be remotely taken as opposing those of the Hoover administration. In contrast to Yale where free trade was taught virtually as a doctrine by the economics department during the Taft administration, ideas which necessarily are presented in opposition to the known Hoover views of economic organization, law and social regulation are all but invariably presented—according to confidential sources of faculty and student information—merely as the "theories" of critical groups arrayed against the existing order of things. Actually, in faculty circles, there is said to be little or no informal discussion of ideas opposed to the Hoover outlook except by groups who can honestly or enthusiastically indorse the Hoover positions. As Stanford has come to view it, nothing is to be gained by saying the "impolitic" even among intimates.

Although during the 1928 campaign outspoken minorities on the campus and in the faculty had frankly advocated Governor Smith's election, immediately after Mr. Hoover's victory, when he settled down for a brief rest at his Palo Alto estate, all these repressive tendencies became evident. But with the inauguration and his choice of President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford as his Secretary of the Interior, the impulses toward caution were automatically and plausibly redoubled.

For Dr. Wilbur became Secretary of the Interior without ceasing to be president of Stanford. He not only retained the title and until last August 31 his salary of $22,500. He not only failed to turn over the magnificent presidential mansion on the campus to Acting President Robert Eckles Swain—a chemist of distinction and a loyal member of the Hoover-Wilbur group in Stanford affairs—but he actually ran the university

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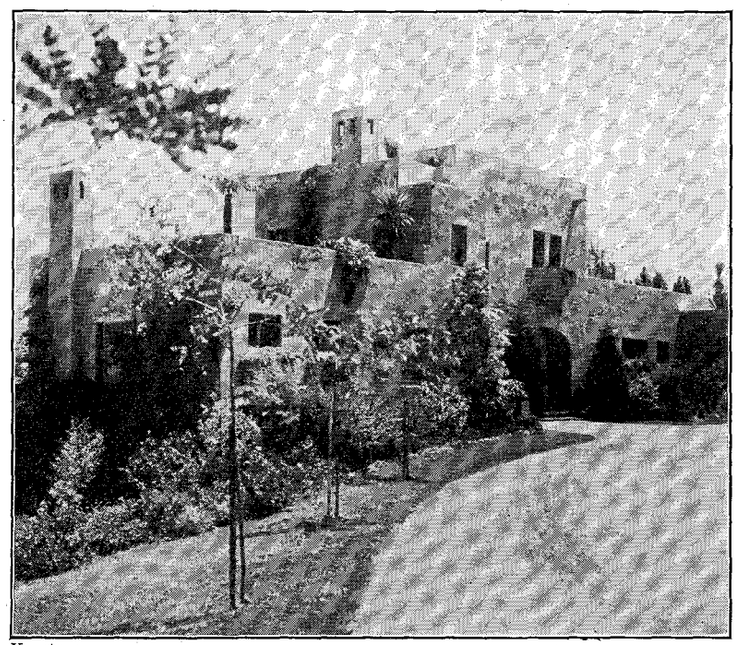
by wire, mail and telephone from Washington. Important questions of university policy were referred to him and smaller matters as well. He "okayed" faculty appointments and promotions, staff reorganization arrangements, repair and construction projects and even traveling expense bills for professors attending academic conventions.

It was a curious situation, giving Stanford's position as a Hoover province by sentiment and tradition a quasi-official status. President Hoover was President Wilbur's boss and President Wilbur was the boss of Stanford. Anything that happened in the realms for which Dr. Wilbur was responsible was, or might be, viewed as a reflection on the national administration. And in the largely technical "leave of absence" accorded him for the performance of his cabinet duties in Washington, Secretary Wilbur still retained enough authority over the presidential university appanage to keep anything seriously embarrassing from happening. Stanford, in a word, as either an intellectual or a playful critic of the administration was sub-infeudated. From the moment Dr. Wilbur's powers *in absentia* became reasonably clear, the Stanford faculty slogan, with a few individual and highly confidential exceptions, became "mum's the word." Along with the silence on controversial subjects went also an unusual cultivation of the society and opinions of Dean Theodore Hoover.



Keystone

President Hoover's home in Palo Alto on the edge of Stanford campus

Dean Hoover's new part in matters of controversial opinion introduced the Stanford campus to its first signs of healthy reaction. Last spring the editors of a college publication subjected to humorous scrutiny some of the dean's public remarks in favor of war as a regenerative influence. At once some of their fellow students, concluding that loyalty to the R.O.T.C. and the Hoover-Wilbur high command required a little fascism, attempted to cure mirth at the expense of the elder statesmen by a little ducking party at a nearby lake. The plot was discovered and foiled with the help of the journalistic faculty—certainly a service to the Hoover control system, if you care to look at it that way—and Stanford breathed more easily at the discovery that a little joking at the expense of its great solemnity would not inevitably be punished by sudden lightnings from Washington.

One effect of the incident was that Dean Hoover went into the silence with his fellow faculty members and refused to discuss war's moral values or any other controversial subject even from the administration's known standpoints. The other was that the Hoover-Wilbur system of appanage government for Stanford became the subject of more or less open criticism among the liberal group of students, and, through them, among the liberal alumni.

The student body, as a matter of fact, had more grievances against appanage government than were involved in the free speech issue. They had to wait for word from Washington for routine approval on any number of questions involving their own activities and interests, most of which could have been settled in five minutes by an acting president with real powers. Even the minutes of the university's powerful inner corporation, the Athletic Board, had to be scrutinized by the Secretary of the Interior as Stanford President before being accepted as formal records.

Talk of these hardships of the presidential connection grew during the spring and summer and quietly a considerable body of alumni were enlisted for a protest meant to end or at least remedy the situation. More secretly a few select members of the faculty were informed of what was afoot, although it was known that their part in events could not be active. Their private enthusiasms, however, could be taken for granted. The fact that on the theory of his taking a "sabbatical year," Secretary Wilbur had been receiving his full presidential salary for the eighteen months from March, 1929, to September, 1930, whereas professors gave up a large fraction of their pay on these improving ventures, was enough to guarantee that.

But as things turned out, neither faculty nor alumni action was necessary for results. Student opinion, frankly expressed under old traditions of a free press at Stanford, was equal to the job. Early in October the *Stanford Daily* published its now famous editorial which broke the back of the appanage system.

"At present," said the *Daily*, "Dr. Wilbur is supposed to be president of this institution and occupying his office in the administration building. Instead, Stanford is without a president. He is acting as a member of President Hoover's cabinet in Washington. Meanwhile his duties as head of the institution are being performed by an acting president whose powers of administration are limited."

There were other paragraphs commenting on "policies and decisions delayed, ... hampering to the educational program . . . . proving an obstacle to the university's progress"; and the editorial concluded: "In fairness to the university and the Department of Interior, it is only right that a choice be made between the two positions." It was this editorial which drove Mr. Hoover into the somewhat unusual expedient for a President of the United States of indulging in controversy with an undergraduate editorial writer.

"Dr. Wilbur will not leave the government service," was the statement from the chief executive. "As a trustee of Stanford I can speak with more authority than the editor of a student publication."

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▶▶ The Wets Organize ◀◀

By CHARLES MERZ

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In 1917, control of the organized opposition to prohibition legislation was in the hands of the Distillers' and Brewers' Associations. By 1927 leadership of the anti-prohibition movement had passed to such independent organizations as the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, The Moderation League, Inc., and various Bar Associations. In the ninth chapter of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz discusses the rise of these organizations together with the official and unofficial referendums on the prohibition question.

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PROHIBITION marked time in 1926 and 1927. Congress stood pat. A three-to-one majority was not large enough to ratify the Andrews program. The states appropriated no new funds to vitalize their ample legislation. The controversy over "poison alcohol" and under-cover work had unleashed a vast amount of argument but failed to arm the government with any power which it did not have before. In all its major characteristics the pattern of enforcement had not greatly changed since 1920. If any fundamental change had taken place in this interval of seven years it was not in the method employed by Congress to carry the experiment with national prohibition through to a successful end, but in the character of the opposition to the law.

To understand the extent and the significance of this change it is necessary to recall the auspices under which opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment had originally appeared. In 1917 it was the brewers and distillers who invoked the argument of home rule and championed the theory of states' rights. Organized labor filed its protest against this legislation in a stormy meeting at the Capitol[1]. Various associations of hotel-keepers employed counsel to protect their interests. Here and there a real estate board adopted resolutions. But in the end it was the brewers and distillers who led the opposition to the law and organized its efforts.

It was the Distillers' Association of America which carried the fight to the state legislatures in an effort to prevent ratification, organized emergency committees and attempted unsuccessfully to force a referendum vote in fourteen states[2]. It was the United States Brewers' Association, and not an association interested in the theory of the Constitution or the preservation of states' rights, which briefed the case against the Volstead Act and submitted its brief to the President with a petition for his veto[3]. It was the firm of Feigenspan, New Jersey brewers, which employed Elihu Root and William D. Guthrie to carry a last desperate appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States[4].

Throughout the whole controversy over national prohibition from the time Senator Sheppard's resolution for a constitutional amendment first appeared in Congress to the June day in 1920 when the Supreme Court upheld the Volstead Act, the opposition to this legislation had no funds, no organization and no real leadership except insofar as these elements were supplied by the liquor interests of the country.

With the exception of union labor there were no important organizations arrayed in opposition to this program. There were no independent organizations in the field whose motives were disinterested and whose constituents were drawn from the rank and file of ordinary citizens.

In the matter of making public sentiment either for or against the law, of arguing the case before Congress and of persuading members of the state legislatures on which side safety lay, the struggle over the Eighteenth Amendment was a straight-out struggle between the liquor interests on one side and the allied prohibition organizations on the other.

IT WAS one of the unmistakable results of seven years of national prohibition that a number of organizations independent of the once almighty brewers and at least theoretically capable of serving as focal points around which effective opposition to the law could cluster came into existence in the years from 1920 to 1927.

In 1923 the Moderation League was incorporated in New York for the purpose of creating sentiment in favor of modifying the Volstead Act by an amendment which would give "a reasonable and workable definition of intoxicating liquors[5]."

In 1926 the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, originally incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia on December 31, 1920, joined hands with the Moderation League, the American Federation of Labor and the Constitutional Liberty League of Massachusetts in presenting evidence to Congress in an attempt to prove that the law had not been and could not be successfully enforced. Testifying before a subcommittee of the Senate, the chairman of this association stated that by 1926 his organization had enrolled 720,000 members[6].

In 1927, "tired of taking a halfway position," the Women's Committee for Modification of the Volstead Act changed its name to the Women's Committee for Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and adopted as its slogan "the restoration of the bill of rights[7]."

In this same year a movement for repeal was initiated among the bar associations of the country by a group of lawyers in New York City who incorporated themselves as the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers and who based their opposition to national prohibition essentially on legal grounds: "The Eighteenth Amendment is inconsistent with the spirit and purpose of the Constitution of the United States and in derogation of the liberties of the citizens and the rights of the states as guaranteed by the first ten amendments thereto[8]."

The movement initiated by these lawyers made substantial progress in the larger cities. The Law Association of Philadelphia had already declared itself in favor of repeal and restoration of power to the states[9]. Within two years following the organization of the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers, similar action was taken by the Bar Association of New York, the Boston Bar Association, the New Jersey State Bar Association, the St. Louis Bar Association, the San Francisco Bar Association and the Bar Association of Portland, Oregon[10].

1. *New York Times*, June 15, 1919.
2. *New York Times*, January 30, 1919.
3. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, October 15, 1919.
4. *New York Times*, March 28, 1920.
5. *Associated Press dispatch*, Albany, September 1, 1923.
6. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 44.
7. *New York Times*, November 3, 1927.
8. *New York Times*, December 11, 1927.
9. *New York Times*, March 9, 1927.
10. *New York Times*, April 11, 1930.

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If proof were needed that a new type of opposition had come into the field, this protest by the Bar Associations furnishes it. For the Bar Associations had remained aloof from this whole controversy in 1917 and 1918. Not one of these organizations which now adopted resolutions had been sufficiently concerned with the question of national prohibition to oppose it on constitutional grounds at the time of its adoption.

To the militant prohibition organizations which had long been accustomed to facing the brewers and distillers as their only adversaries, this change in the character of the opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment was novel and on the whole unwelcome. The brewers and distillers made ideal opponents for the champions of prohibition. They could be described, and in all fairness, as interested parties to this dispute, primarily concerned with the preservation of their own profits. They could be denounced as the bitter-end opponents of any reformation of the saloon and as adversaries desperate enough in their choice of weapons to resort to the use of a blacklist[11]. Inevitably there was more satisfaction in sinking a righteous sword into the bowels of such opposition than in arguing the merits of prohibition with miscellaneous committees of lawyers, businessmen and bankers.

Bridgeport Sunday Post

A STUDY IN RELATIVITY
The Eighteenth Amendment proved "a source of confusion and hindrance"

In these circumstances it was tempting for the friends of prohibition to believe that the new organizations which had appeared in opposition to the law were merely a screen for the same old opposition which they had always faced: at best, the work of well-meaning people who had been duped by the propaganda of the liquor interests; at worst, pretentious organizations which claimed to be disinterested but actually depended for support on the brewers or their allies.

Nevertheless, though the friends of prohibition clung to the theory that there had been no change, they were in reality dealing with a different situation. In 1917 the chief spokesman of the opposition was the president of the United States Brewers' Association. In 1927 leadership of the opposition had passed to the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad or to the chairman of the executive committee of the General Motors Corporation or to the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, all of which organizations had once been on the brewers' blacklist[12]. In 1917 it was the Distillers' Association of America, eager to protect its vested interests in the liquor traffic, which sought to convince the state legislatures that the Eighteenth Amendment could not be successfully enforced. In 1927 it was a committee of members of the New York Bar Association which insisted that the Eighteenth Amendment had "proven a source of confusion and hindrance in the interpretation of the entire body of the law[13]."

There was a fundamental difference here. Whether or not the friends of prohibition were prepared to recognize the fact, there were people who could differ with them honestly over the theory of the Eighteenth Amendment and over the results which it had achieved in practice. These people may have been either wise or unwise. They may have failed to see as far into the future as the friends of prohibition or they may have seen still further. In either case, their opposition to the law was based in many instances on an honest and deeply-rooted conviction that this experiment had been disastrous; that it had attempted to solve an age-old problem by ignoring the fundamental factor of variations in local sentiment and that it had broken down barriers which had hitherto protected individual Americans against a centralized authority in Washington.

How widely these views were shared by the end of 1928, and how authoritatively these new organizations represented any considerable body of American opinion, it is impossible, of course, to say. There had been no referendum on the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment; there had been no referendum after its adoption; there was no provision in the Constitution for a referendum and no likelihood that if such a provision had existed Congress would have chosen to invoke it. Such estimates of American opinion as were freely offered during the years from 1920 to 1928 were based not on evidence as precise as the data of the Census Bureau but on deductions drawn from three inconclusive sets of figures.

Down to the end of 1928, nineteen referendums on some phase of prohibition had been held under the auspices of various states. Nine of these referendums were on questions of modifying the Volstead Act through some state device or of appealing to Congress to modify it or of appealing to Congress to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment outright. Two of these nine referendums were won by the drys: Ohio in 1922 and Colorado in 1926. The other seven were won by the wets: Massachusetts in 1920; Illinois in 1922; Illinois, Wisconsin, Nevada and New York in 1926; and Massachusetts in 1928.

To the wets this record seemed to carry convincing proof of the unpopularity of the law, especially in large industrial states like New York, which had voted in favor of modification by a majority as large as three to one. To the drys, these figures were unimportant. Referendums of this sort, they insisted, were essentially a waste of time, since it was impossible for an individual state to escape from the tight grasp of the Eighteenth Amendment through any modification program of its own and futile for it to petition Congress to help it in this effort. The dry theory of these wet victories was simply that the wets voted and the drys did not, choosing rather to boycott such referendums as empty gestures.

No doubt this is what happened in

11. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 65th Congress, pursuant to S. Res. 307.

12. Testimony of W. W. Atterbury. Hearings of the House Judiciary Committee, February 26, 1930.

13. *New York Times*, December 11, 1927.

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many instances. In New York, for example, a deliberate boycott by the drys is the only reasonable explanation of the fact that 543,166 fewer votes were cast in the prohibition referendum in 1926 than were cast in the election of a governor. In this case, however, sentiment in favor of a change was strong enough to make the boycott a fact of minor importance. If all of these 543,166 votes had been dry votes and if they had been cast solidly against the proposal for modification, this proposal would still have carried the state by a vote of 1,763,070 to 1,141,650.

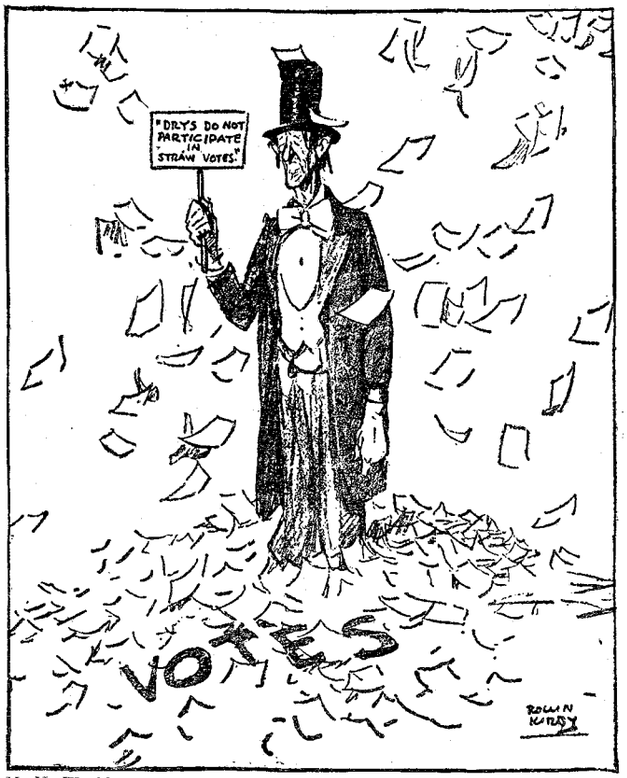
Meantime, there were certain cases in which a boycott was impossible if the friends of prohibition wished to protect a state enforcement law against repeal. However faint the voice of the states in Washington, they had undisputed power to decide this question for themselves. Ten referendums in five states were held in these same years on the question of enacting or repealing state enforcement codes. On this issue, armed with the persuasive argument that as long as the Eighteenth Amendment remained in the Constitution it was the duty of the states to help enforce it, the friends of prohibition won a very considerable measure of success. If they lost Massachusetts once (in 1922), California once (in 1920) and Montana twice (in 1926 and 1928), they won Massachusetts once (in 1924), North Dakota once (in 1928), Missouri twice (in 1920 and 1926) and California twice (in 1922 and 1926).

Of ten contests over the question of state enforcement codes, the drys had won six and lost four by the end of 1928. Of nine contests over the question of attempting to modify the law they had won two and lost seven. This was as much as could be claimed for either side as the result of what modest efforts had been made by official agencies of the states to measure the drift of local sentiment.

Meantime, a large number of wholly unofficial polls had been taken in these years. This was not surprising. Prohibition remained a controversial question before the American people. There was a natural interest in discovering, if possible, what the American people thought about it. The forty-eight states having held only nineteen referendums in eight years, an average of one referendum for each state every twenty years, it was inevitable that private agencies should have been tempted to explore the question somewhat further.

In theory, these unofficial polls taken by various newspapers, magazines, professional societies, trade unions and other agencies for the expression of opinion had two clear advantages and one clear disadvantage. The advantages lay in the fact that these polls were the only polls to cross state lines and the further fact that they offered several alternatives for a plain expression of opinion, instead of a choice at the polls between yes and no on some proposal which the individual voter may have liked but may have thought illegal. The obvious disadvantage lay in the fact that there was no certain way of telling whether the results of any poll accurately measured a cross-section of opinion or only a cross-section of such opinion as cared to mail a postcard.

In point of numbers and of territory covered, the two most important polls taken by any private agency down to the end of 1928 were the first *Literary Digest* poll in 1922 and a poll taken by the Newspaper Enterprise Association in 1926.



N. Y. World

THE ALIBI

The unofficial polls were unsatisfactory to the drys as a test of public sentiment

Employing the same method which it used in a later poll in 1930, the *Literary Digest* distributed ballots in 1922 among the forty-eight states, asking for an expression of opinion (1) in favor of the existing law, or (2) in favor of its modification to permit light wines and beer, or (3) in favor of complete repeal. In reply to this request 922,382 ballots were received, of which 38.6 per cent favored the law as it stood, 40.8 per cent favored modification and 20.6 per cent repeal[14]. The satisfied vote was 38.6 per cent of the total; the dissatisfied vote, 61.4 per cent.

The results of the poll taken by the Newspaper Enterprise Association in 1926 were more spectacular. In this case 326 newspapers in forty-seven states participated in a poll of 1,747,630 people. Of the total vote cast, 18.9 per cent favored the existing law, 49.8 per cent favored modification and 31.3 per cent favored repeal[15]. The satisfied vote in this case was 18.9 per cent of the total; the dissatisfied vote, 81.1 per cent.

As might have been anticipated, these were impressive figures to the opponents of prohibition, gathered by methods which seemed eminently fair. The *Literary Digest* had made an effort to distribute its ballots accurately between urban and rural districts in accordance with their voting strength. The Newspaper Enterprise Association had invited and obtained the cooperation not only of newspapers in the larger cities but also of many such newspapers in smaller towns as the Iola (Kans.) *Register*, the Danville (Va.) *Bee*, the Dowagiac (Mich.) *Daily News*, the Hickory (N. C.) *Record* and the Taylorsville (Ill.) *Breeze*. To the wets the net result was a reliable index of opinion and persuasive proof of widespread opposition to the law which had gained ground impressively between 1922 and 1926.

As might also have been anticipated, these same figures failed to carry conviction to the friends of prohibition. There was no way of knowing, the pro-

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14. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 420, 439.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 438.

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▶▶ Art: Three Aisles Over ◀◀

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

THE president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Robert W. de Forest, not long ago told a gathering of department store executives, "I would like to have you remember that you can all be missionaries of beauty. Your influence is far greater than that of all the museums. You are the most fruitful source of art in America."

The astute business men who sat at his feet heard him with the rapture that betokens the dawning of light, and went forth jubilantly to become missionaries of beauty throughout the land. Because of Mr. De Forest's encouragement, or perhaps, merely subsequent to it, color has come into the bathrooms of Keokuk, and the kitchenettes of Manhattan, modestly framed etchings have blossomed on walls where Maxfield Parrish long adorned the living room, the art of the Weiner Wierkstate, of Lalique and Archipenko, of Bruno Paul and Kem Weber, have become bridge table topics in Dayton and Milwaukee.

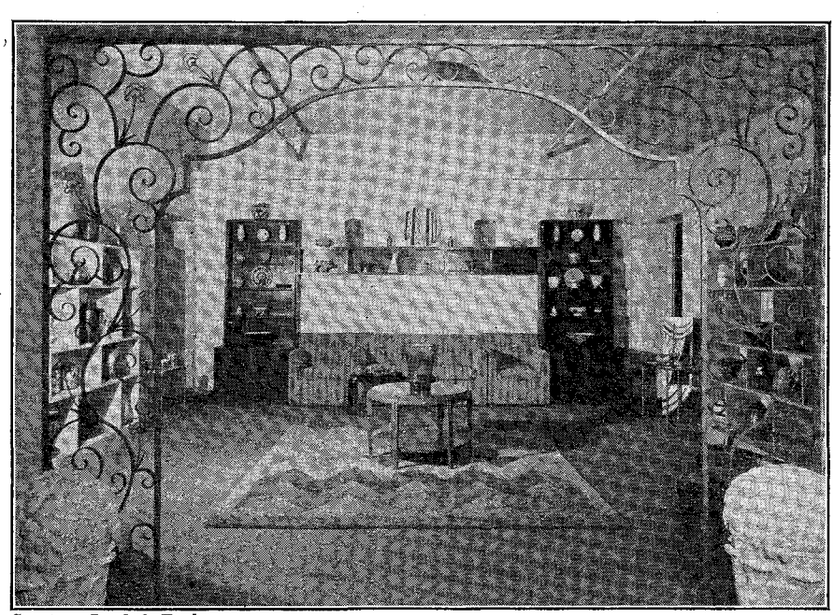
Within the last five years, and more especially in the latter two of that period, America has become more conscious of beauty—beauty of color, form and design, than ever during any period of her history. There has been a definite improvement in the level of taste in home decoration and personal apparel. The craving for color has transformed the garbage can; the pantry and linen closets have shared with the parlor the gratification of the modern demand for colorful self-expression.

There are millions of women whose entire extra-mural existence is made up of going shopping; hundreds of thousands of maids and matrons in big cities and small who know of no other way of spending the afternoon. The larger number of them are actual or potential homemakers who in their individual domains set the standards of culture, and are the arbiters of taste. Because of lack of time or inclination, few belong to women's clubs, attend lectures, hear concerts or read for educational purposes. Most of them have seen only the outside of art museums and galleries. Their associations are, for the greatest part, with persons of backgrounds and attainments similar to their own. In a very literal sense the department store is their university.

Because the department store is not in these days solely a medium of sale and exchange, but a community center as well, in their flight from counter to counter, these hundreds of thousands of women may and do hear, on the wing, lectures on a variety of topics, concerts by organ or orchestra, learn history, geography and the progress of science, view art exhibitions, puppet shows and motion pictures, shake hands, and exchange opinions, if any, with authors, actresses and other celebrities. If perchance they have come with the intention of buying, they may be waited upon by debutantes, society leaders, theatrical stars, and Phi Beta Kappas, and without the obligation of purchase, may command the expert advice of authorities on problems of adornment, couture, homemaking, entertaining and child raising. The veneer of culture slips on them almost imperceptibly, certainly most agreeably, and at minimum cost in money and effort.

That it is the best kind of good business to sell beauty, the big stores are now reassured. Persuade a woman to buy a rug of original and attractive design, and she soon will come to feel that the furniture she bought before the War had best be sent to the janitor's basement or to the attic. Convert her to the charm of black glass and crystal tableware, and she will inevitably come in for a new dinner set, modern silver, and harmonizing lines. Once sell her the idea of change, and as long as her husband's money or credit holds out she will follow wherever you lead, provided the tantalizing goal of beauty in her surroundings is set before her.

Primarily, then, the department stores of the land have given themselves over to the teaching of æsthetics, because this is a stimulus to business. However selfish their purpose, if the result of more attractive homes, of a feeling for harmony, and a love of beauty is cultivated in the American's soul by surrounding him with good things; if the banal goes and the beautiful remains, more power to the big stores. They are selling more of original etchings now than in all the years of their history, and fewer of Maxfield Parrish and Fruits and Flowers; the demand in rugs has veered to Orientals, hooked rugs and modern creations of individual design, and away from cheaper machine-made products. The little shops within the big stores, where foreign importations, antiques, and interesting novelties of furniture and interior decoration are featured, do a large part of the furniture business.



Courtesy Lord & Taylor

In the modern department store a panorama of the creative spirit of the whole world lies before the shopper, conveniently spread out on shelves and counters

While money is to be made out of selling the accoutrements of culture to America, there is also something else of equal and possibly of greater importance for the big stores to gain. Our merchant princes have gone in for the rôle of Lorenzo de Medici because they thus create prestige and good will for their establishments. They give concerts, stage art exhibitions, historical pageants, aviation dinners, out of which they derive no cent of profit, di-

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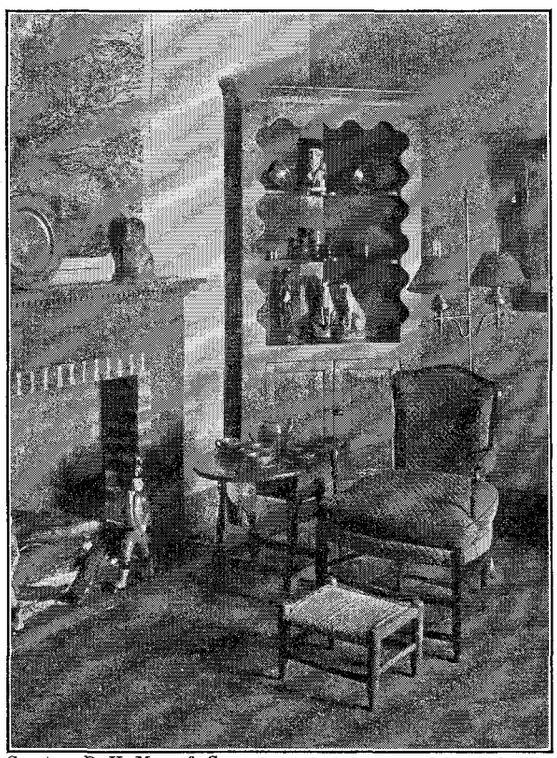
rectly, because these stunts get publicity, stimulate public interest, and make the public regard them as the community institutions which they eventually hope to become.

At the beginning of the present century a storekeeper was solely a merchant. He bought marketable goods and endeavored to dispose of them at a profit. His prestige and subsequently his prosperity was built upon his personal reputation for integrity and fair dealing. In 1930 a successful merchant must do many things his progenitor dreamed not of. He must be a showman and a community servant as well as a trader. Every week must have its Christmas, with a new Santa Claus fifty-two times a year, to lure crowds, hold the lambent public interest, build prestige, vex competitors, and cause rejoicing among the stockholders.

Pursuit of that elusive jade, prestige, makes it possible for customers in the Emporium at San Francisco to hear without cost concerts by the San Francisco Symphony orchestra. Shoppers in Marshall Field's in Chicago may feast their eyes on the beauty of thousands of irises and peonies in a unique flower show, or on Saturday afternoon they may come by thousands to hear a talk by a popular author and to shake hands with the men and women who write the season's favorite books. They may visit the auditorium at Scruggs, Vandernoort and Barney in St. Louis, for a piano recital by a celebrated artist. At Wanamaker's in New York music, lectures, and motion pictures alternate in the auditorium.

The historical exhibition is always sure-fire stuff for department stores, and much ingenuity and expense goes into the planning of these pageants and non-selling displays. Abundant good will was the reward of Stern Brothers in New York when it arranged a comprehensive and highly sentimental historical exhibit of relics of the stage. School children came trooping down by classes to view this store's exhibition that marked the centennial of the covered wagon. The anniversaries of Arnold, Constable and Company in New York are marked by annual exhibits which draw large crowds. Old New Yorkers grew somewhat melancholy when this store, in glorifying Fifth Avenue, presented a pictorial review of America's Rue De La Paix, through the successive years of its rise to fame. So, you see, the artistic displays are literally without number.

Naturally, the circus stunts have yielded no profit to the store, aside from publicity and good will gained. In two ways, however, in their struggle to get profit and prestige, the department stores have rendered America signal service. One is through their interest in education and child psychology and the other is through their sponsorship of art.



Courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

The little shops within the big stores do a large part of the furniture business

But all the other achievements, prodigious and numerous as they seem, and apparently irrelevant to the main business of shopkeeping, become insignificant when one considers the service the stores have rendered to art. That original works of art can be sold to the same persons who buy raccoon coats, ready made velour portieres and marked-down silk stockings, and in the same place and the same manner, is a comparatively revolutionary idea. Paintings and sculpture, it has been maintained by those who have an opinion to render on this subject, should be viewed and yearned for only in the cathedral-like solemnities of the art galleries, in a setting of soft carpets, velvet draperies and suave, unsalesmanlike attendants, where the yearning is promptly chilled in the breast of the man without a large bank balance. But art these days is being bought, not only by museums and poor immigrant boys become millionaires, but by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones. Impoverished, indeed, is that home which does not boast at least one signed original of the poor man's friend, the black and white etching.

The late John Wanamaker was, I believe, the first of the merchant princes to conceive the notion of bringing art to the masses. He bought in quantity the outpourings of the Paris salon to brighten the corners of his buildings. For nearly forty years his stores have held annual exhibitions of the works that have been honored by the *Salon des Artistes Francais* and the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts*. One comes upon the pictures and their rapt admirers by meandering through lanes of crockery and bridge lamps in the labyrinths of the store. There art is no longer aloof and remote, but is so much merchandise hung as much for selling as for purseless admiration. This firm also paid its *devoirs* to American art at its centennial a few years ago when it made a continuous art gallery of the New York store, with historic murals and Hugh Ferriss's drawings of the New York of the future.

When the secretary of a society of American artists deplored the shortage of galleries where Americans might display their wares, the establishment of J. M. Gidding in New York then offered a whole floor of its building as a gallery. "We shall give American art a chance to show itself to the American people," said this merchant. A similar motive is back of the Avenue of Art at Arnold Constable's, in New York, where the paintings of Theresa Bernstein, Felecie Waldo Howell, Randall Davey, John Wenger, Childe Hassam, Dorothy Ochtman, Carl Blenner, Robert Vonnoh, Michel Jacobs, and other well known Americans have hung challengingly above the counters of imitation jewelry and rayon underwear; of the little gallery of paintings under $100, at Macy's in New York, given over principally to the introduction of newcomers; of the neat academic exhibitions at Altman's in New York; of the gallery of the works of Georgia artists at The Davison-

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▶▶ Roman Holiday ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

WHEN Nero ruled Imperial Rome it was customary to titillate the public pulse by feeding Christians to the lions in the colosseum. Scarcely less sadistic is the American football policy of feeding so called set ups to elevens representing major universities.

Every gridiron season sees the Hobarts, Alfreds, Norwiches, Alleghenies, Clarksons, Niagaras, Hamiltons, Delawares, and Upsalas thrown to such football lions as N. Y. U., Yale, Dartmouth, Colgate, Army, Harvard, and Pittsburgh. It is to the credit of the Big Ten Western Conference that its numbers usually refrain from picking on little fellows one quarter their size.

Here in the East, however, football rabbits are frequently invited to wrestle with the tigers of the gridiron, though it is only fair to add that the rabbits don't need much coaxing. In fact the schedule makers for these small college teams, despite their undersized squads and complete lack of reserves, make every effort to sign up a football mastodon, think it a feather in their caps if they can schedule a game with some nationally known football power.

You could sympathize more strongly with these trouble hunters if they weren't accessories before the fact of their own butcheries. At least the athletic authorities at the small schools cheerfully lay their necks on the chopping block—how their players feel about acting the unsavory rôle of guinea pig in these open air vivisections is something else again!

NOBODY will contend that 77 to 0 landslides advance the cause of collegiate sport. They bore spectators, fail to attract crowds, ruin the victim for subsequent games by depleting his already slender squad, and are too soft to benefit the conqueror. A major university eleven could get a more satisfactory workout against its own scrubs.

Why, then, are these modified massacres staged? For several reasons, none of which justify this perversion of sport for sport's sake.

Yarmouth University, for example, has a man-killing schedule, calling for four or five games against top notch rivals. Naturally it wants two or three "breathers."

It knows that many so called little teams are little only in name and student enrollment; that they are "loaded for bear" with tramp athletes and semi-pros. Naturally, Yarmouth steers clear of these powder-packed trouble makers when searching for easy marks. It avoids the rough little urchins and dates up Marmaduke College away up-state.

"I've got you a swell 'breather,'" says Yarmouth's graduate manager to Coach "Pop" Brawler. "You can take these guinea pigs in stride, give your five elevens a brisk workout, and point for Princevard the week after." This suits "Pop" fine. An eighty point walkover won't hurt his reputation.

How does the proposition appeal to little Marmaduke? It sounds like money in the bank. The Marmaduke manager's vanity is flattered by the fact that mighty Yarmouth has deigned to notice his tiny school.

"We'll be steam rollered, of course," he muses, "but the publicity will be worth a good shellacking. Our kids will get a kick out of playing in the Yarmouth Bowl and think of the sport page advertising for little Marmaduke. Then there's the money angle. Our rickety wooden stands need a coat of paint and Yarmouth guarantees us a nice cut of the gate. Besides the experience of meeting a top ranking eleven will give our fellows lots of seasoning."

He's right about that! The Vermont team was so thoroughly "seasoned" after last year's unequal struggle against Yale's huge squad, reeking with high grade reserves, that the Green Mountain boys never looked the same again.

Little Vermont, barely able to muster twenty-four football players of assorted shapes and sizes, opened its 1929 campaign by meeting N. Y. U. and Yale on successive Saturdays! The lightweight Vermonters may have "learned a lot of football" in those 77-0 and 89-0 landslides but they were too banged up to play much football after that double battering.

On the Monday after the Yale game, the Vermont coach, a United States Army officer, sent me his casualty list. It began "one concussion of the brain—serious; one concussion—slight"; and continued for two typewritten pages listing such relatively minor hurts as dislocated knees, pulled tendons, cracked ribs, sprained ankles, muscle strains, and broken collar bones.

"Please don't infer from this casualty report that Yale played dirty football," added the Vermont coach. "The Elis never resorted to rough play. These injuries were simply the natural consequence of matching a small college team, devoid of adequate replacements, against a huge 'Varsity squad containing material enough for three high grade elevens. Our kids were worn down by the recurrent shock of facing Yale's fresh reserves."

THE *Yale Daily News*, oldest of college dailies, and the Dartmouth student paper have protested against scheduling "push overs." They have launched a crusade to limit the number of substitutes used per game, feeling that fair play is outraged by hurling four full teams against eleven outclassed players representing a school which lacks man power.

This crusade is bearing fruit. A few weeks ago Dartmouth voluntarily agreed to restrict itself to thirty players in the Allegheny game, thirty being the total number available on the squad of that small Pennsylvania school.

While the day of arbitrarily limited squads is bound to come, the essential character of American football will prevent our adopting the no substitute rule which applies in Rugby. The English game prohibits substitution for any cause whatever. If a player is hurt so badly that he must leave the field his side continues one man short.

Our collegiate game is too rough, too savage and too exhausting to permit of so drastic a ruling. Besides, the American temperament, with its insistence on victory, would make the no substitute provision a dangerous expedient.

Let us close this little sermon with "Hurry Up," Yost's favorite yarn. It concerns the Buffalo College tackle who was discovered sitting with the Michigan substitutes on the bench when the second half of the 1901 game began. I might add that Michigan's point-a-minute team beat Buffalo that day by the somewhat convincing score of 128-0.

"Hey, son!" shouted Yost. "You're on the wrong side—your gang is over there."

"Please, Mr. Yost, don't let on you saw me," begged the Buffalo renegade. "They've had me in that furnace three times already and I know when I've had enough. I'm on the right side now."

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Curbing Copper Output

EARLY in 1929 copper sold at 24 cents a pound. This price gave a handsome margin to low-cost and a fair one to high-cost producers. Result—everybody stepped on the gas and over-production brought its inevitable results. By late October of this year the price had slumped to 9½ cents, the lowest level since 1895.

The extent of the over-production is revealed by reports of the American Bureau of Metal Statistics. On January 1, 1929, the total stocks of refined copper in the United States amounted to 65,466 short tons. A year later the total was 171,320 tons and by November 1, 1930, it had reached 364,930 tons, indicating a current excess production throughout the present year of about 20,000 short tons of copper a month.

On November 12 copper advanced to 10 cents, and on the 13th some sales were reported at 11 cents for domestic delivery. Why this right-about-face? A get-together of American producers and representatives of all the important foreign copper groups, with the avowed purpose of worldwide curtailment of production. Does this mean price-fixing? The Copper Institute says "No." Attorney General Mitchell's opinion has not yet been asked. But on one point there appears to be widespread agreement—stabilization of the copper industry would be a splendid thing for general business. If this plan goes through, watch for a strengthening of commodity prices all along the line.

Apples vs. Unemployment

PRIOR to November, 1930, we had never thought of apples as an antidote for unemployment. The evidence, however, is overwhelming—at least in the city of jaywalkers, jimmiewalkers and johnnywalkers.

On one block (on Forty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues) we counted 20 temporary apple merchants. This was on one side of the street only, and the other side appeared to have its full quota. In a single midnight cleanup, 83 empty apple crates were removed from the sidewalk between Thirty-ninth and Forty-second Streets on Fifth Avenue.

Just how much this well organized apple campaign is doing for the unemployed we do not know, and our guess probably has no epochal significance. It has certainly increased sales, at least for a few weeks, and we hope that the farmers who grew the apples out in the Northwest get some benefit, although we would not bet much on that.

Some good results, however, are visible to the discerning eye. Thousands of people who might otherwise be chewing their finger-nails and bewailing their misfortunes are busy on a sales job. Some of them, by the way, prove their salesmanship by keeping their apples dust-free and arranging their small stocks attractively. And the public health is certainly a gainer because of increased apple consumption. The doctor is being kept away from a great many homes right now, and a lot of people whose first purchase was a friendly gesture in behalf of the unemployed will doubtless stay on the apple-cart permanently, having discovered that it is a good place on which to ride.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) November 13—82.2. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) November 13—72.5.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended November 1—934,640 cars (reduction of 24,695 under preceding week and of 137,594 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended November 8—43% of capacity (reduction of 4% under preceding week and of 30% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended November 8—daily average gross 2,297,250 barrels (reduction of 65,800 under preceding week and of 333,950 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended November 8—1,471,000 bushels (increase of 296,000 over preceding week; reduction of 18,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended November 13—$8,972,056,000 (increase of 4.1% over preceding week; reduction of 40.8% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended November 13—495 (increase of 6 over preceding week and of 91 over same week of 1929).

Noise ex Machina

FACTORY managers of the old school would have dismissed as "bull" or "bunk," or, in the Al Smith era, "baloney," the idea that machine noises had any real effect on the efficiency of industrial workers, or that, conceding the possibility of such an effect, anything ought to be done about it.

The New York Department of Labor, however, thought it worth while to make a study of this problem in production, and has discovered the interesting fact that unrhythmic sounds made by industrial machinery are appreciably more fatiguing to workers than are rhythmic sounds.

The Department's study covered 1,040 workers, 14.9% of whom revealed an incidence of deafening. An additional 12.4 % had some previous ear disease or present deafness, and these were separated from the others in making the test. The greatest incidence was in groups subjected to the largest amount of noise, and this leads to the important suggestion that as certain noisy machines affect not only the operatives who are working on them but also all of the other workers in the same room, factory layout should provide for the isolation of these machines.

This would run into money, but would probably prove a less complicated problem than that of changing machines from unrhythmic to rhythmic operation. Here is a real job for the engineers, but by no means an impossible task. They may yet call George Gershwin in to hear the machines clap their hands in unison and sing "I got rhythm."

Strong on the Reserve

BENJAMIN STRONG, first Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, served from the time the Bank opened for business on November 16, 1914, until his death, October 16, 1928.

In *Interpretation of Federal Reserve Policy* (Harper $4) Dr. W. Randolph Burgess, now Deputy Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has made available the chief speeches and writings of Governor Strong, and has produced a volume of great value to bankers, business executives and students of commerce and finance.

The task faced by Dr. Burgess, the Governor's associate and friend, was largely one of selection. There was material enough for two books, without drawing on the personal and confidential communications on which should be based, in due time, a complete account of the life and achievements of Governor Strong.

This book reveals not only the fundamental principles of Federal Reserve policy but also the ability, the resourcefulness and the fighting qualities of one of the outstanding figures in the development of American banking.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Movies

The Week's Reading

"THE Journal of My Other Self" by Rainer Maria Rilke (translated by John Linton: Norton $3). Rilke, the German poet who died a few years ago, is comparatively unknown here. Translations of some of his poems have appeared in literary journals; this book, his prose masterpiece, and, in this reviewer's opinion, a work of great beauty, is now put into English for the first time. It is an introspective journal of a not unfamiliar type. Rilke has been called a modern mystic. He is more accurately described as a morbid sensualist. The phrase is not used in an opprobrious sense, and the route whereby morbid sensuality comes to be called mysticism is not hard to follow. Rilke is the æsthetic descendant of Mallarmé, and closely allied with the French movement which appears to have culminated in Proust. His approach is wholly introspective. His work has that inward illumination which is often found in the work of incurable invalids, although, so far as we know, he was not one. Because of the fixity of his gaze, turned inward, the field of his vision is small. Death and the isolation of the human spirit are his themes. His imagination plays ceaselessly upon them and lingers upon the insubstantial line which divides conception from concept, substance from essence, physical actuality from spiritual reality. Rilke is extremely sensitive to atmosphere, and he is particularly successful in reproducing it. *The Journal of My Other Self* was written in Paris, and the subtle feel of that city is in it. Part of Rilke's power to touch the reader lies in his ability to express simply and exactly common emotional experiences which are often blurred by over-elaborate treatment. In writing, for instance, of music, he says that he has been distrustful of it, "not because it lifted me out of myself more violently than anything else, but because I had noticed that it never let me resume the level at which it found me."

"ALEXANDER" by Klaus Mann (translated by Marion Saunders: Brewer & Warren $2). If the young author of *Alexander* were not the son of his father (Thomas Mann), he would have had to wait awhile before publishing his novel. His ability to write quick, picturesque narrative will not be lost as the years go by, but the painful juvenility of his conception may be expected to vanish. The story of Alexander, based, of course, on Plutarch's Life, is told from a particular angle of abnormality which is recognized in the first few pages of the book. There is among these decadent young men an Alexander cult. For them the conqueror's beauty, his frustration, the sense of impending doom that overhangs his life, and his early death in the moment of triumph have an irresistible appeal. And, catching the sweet, tainted flavor of the book, we are not surprised to find that Klaus Mann sees Alexander's life moulded by the rejection of his love by his friend, Clitus. The scenes are variously handled; that between Alexander and Aristotle, who was his tutor, is amusing irony; that of the death of Philip of Macedonia, vulgar melodrama. In the matter of style, either the novel is badly written, or the translation is poor. Curiously enough Klaus Mann's precocious talent was nourished at the same fount that fed Rilke's mature art.

"TOGETHER Again" by Helen Grace Carlisle (Cape & Smith $2) is a weak successor to *Mothers Cry*. That novel was melodramatic in action, but honest in emotion and vivid in characterization. This has a thick, hot, animal quality which is neither convincing nor moving. It is a story of young love at its most delicate and evanescent in conflict with lust at its most fleshly. Two men are contrasted: a middle-aged doctor in charge of relief work in France whose power over his women workers is almost limitless, and an idealistic lad, drawn in half-shadow. Between the two, her soul the battleground on which their war is waged, is the girl. If one man wins, the other does not lose, for the authoress exalts her heroine as the personification of the maternal instinct, everlasting and triumphant.

THERE has naturally been large interest among admirers of Dr. Axel Munthe's *Story of San Michele,* which has for many months held a place among the lists of non-fiction best-sellers, in the appearance of his *Memories and Vagaries* (Dutton $3). His collection of sketches and character studies was published in London in 1898. Dr. Munthe himself in a whimsical preface speaks of "its" boyish boisterousness, "its guileless self-consciousness, its incorrigible *joie de vivre* and its unshaken faith." Of course it has less than the other books of the ripe experience of Dr. Munthe's extraordinary life; it is also less pungent and less amusing, but (on the credit side, this) it has less also of the symbolism, mysticism or fantasy that sometimes obscured the vividness of the story-telling charm. A few of the chapters are as good as anything in the San Michele book—notably "Raffaella," "When Tappio Was Lost," and the humorously misnamed "Political Agitations in Capri." All of them evince the author's sympathy and tenderness for human suffering and for animals ill-treated. Thus, all in all, the book is by no means a disappointment but rather a confirmation of Dr. Munthe's qualities as a writer and his art in conveying his impressions of life, including little prejudices and a keen sense of the ridiculous and pretentious, wherever he chanced upon them.

"THE Half Way Sun" by R. F. Barton (Brewer & Warren $5). Here is another to add to the host of travel books which have been appearing of late. This one is about the head-

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hunters of Northern Luzon and is an illuminating study of the religion and customs of a typical primitive culture. But it is just another travel book and if you have read as many of them as this reviewer I'm sure that by now you have gotten to the point of either wanting to sit by the fire for the rest of your life or of wanting to do your traveling for yourself. *The Half Way Sun,* which is written by a man who lived eight years among the natives as a teacher, describes the background and environment of the native and the customs surrounding the practice of head-hunting. It gives case histories and accounts of feud and head-hunting cases that the author was sometimes appointed to defend before American courts. To those interested in the subject this book will no doubt prove interesting reading in spite of its not being written in an interesting way.

"THE Longer Day," anonymous (Bobbs, Merrill $2.50). In her charming, vague fashion, which conceals wisdom under fancy, and which is increasingly reminiscent of the manner of William De Morgan, the authoress of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out,* a book much loved by those who know it, tells here a highly original story. Brenda, with her philosophy of "fixed things" and her look set on "a horizon far wider and more distant than one's own," is a rare character and one whose selection required courage. Her story, told in fits and starts by her daughter, discloses her as eternal woman; not the It woman of the movies, but a creature to whom it is more important to feed young birds than to talk of Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Brenda, who is toward her literary family and toward her other children only functional, is a passionate part of Brownie, her idiot son. She and Brownie are set down in the talky-writey Yellow Book world of late Victorian London. Sometimes they escape into the "everlasting hills" where time and things are not. Sometimes they are drawn back into the intrigue of drawing rooms and editorial offices, where Brenda is mistakenly credited with being secret and deep, and where Brownie eventually precipitates catastrophe. *The Longer Day* has a subtle way of questioning established and, one must admit, convenient values. Brownie burns the manuscript of his father's life work on the Philosophical Poets. Was it perhaps a pity that he did not burn himself instead? Literary London thinks so: but Brenda knows that it does not matter. The novel is rewarding as well as delightful reading. But its reading demands a little perseverance. The first fifty pages are extremely confusing. This is no doubt part of the author's plan for creating an atmosphere of un-ordinariness about her chief character; but it is a fault, and is apt to deter readers who, if they did not have to work so hard would be enchanted with the novel.

"ISABELLA of Spain, The Last Crusader," by William T. Walsh (McBride $5). The historian rather than the biographer has been at work on this fine, fat book. Mr. Walsh would have written "contemporary biographer," for he has little use for the psychological biography of today. But, as a matter of fact, the biographer who is more concerned with his subject's personality than with historical details is not a new creature. Mr. Walsh is an excellent historian. He opens his book with a useful reminder, saying that to understand a character we must accept without wonder or scorn the sincerity of the codes, impulses and beliefs which animated him, just as we must understand the physical make-up of his period. So he paves the way for his history of Isabella the Catholic by a careful analysis of the general state of mind of her time. Isabella stood at the point where Middle Ages were merging into Renaissance. She was godmother to America. Under her rule the last Mohammedans were driven from Spain, and that united country began to be a great power. Under her rule, also, the Inquisition came into being in Spain. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile Isabella's rôle as sponsor of the Inquisition with the rôle of just and statesmanlike queen, not priest-ridden, which Walsh, a Roman Catholic, assigns to her. The book is absorbing and well detailed. Walsh has the happy faculty of tying things together. Not only are Spain, England, France, the Empire, the Papacy carefully interlocked, but even minor characters are set so definitely into the picture that, coming across one, the reader who knows his history a little can say, "Oh, yes, this is the man who afterwards . . ." or "Yes, she was so and so's aunt." We like that. If it bores you, you won't enjoy Walsh's book. In this biography and in Belloc's recent *Wolsey,* both Catholic historians make the comparison of pre-Reformation Europe to a United States of Europe such as is now being widely discussed.

Decorations by Elizabeth MacKinstry for Alfred Noyes' "Forty Singing Seamen" (Stokes)

"TIN Pan Alley" by Isaac Goldberg (John Day $3.50). Here is a complete history of the popular music racket in America and an exceedingly well done one. Starting back "before the flood" Mr. Goldberg traces the growth of American popular music from the nubilous beginnings which had their roots in the potpourri of Indian music, Negro music, and "Psalm Singing," through the various vicissitudes of the minstrel, the Ragtime era, the Victor Herbert and Sousa era, the Blues, the Mammy Song, the Theme Song, up to that point where Ragtime became

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Jazz and Jazz tried and almost succeeded in breaking into the ranks of the classical. But whether it be Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay or The Symphony in Blue, Mr. Goldberg says of Ragtime that it did not die, but merely grew up; "Call it Ragtime yesterday, call it Jazz today —and what, tomorrow?—it is part of a universal pattern. The sad song and the gay song, ballad and rag, heart song and jazz—these are the twin masks of Tragedy and Comedy behind which the mummer of Melody Lane megaphones his infinite (and too often his infinitesimal) variations upon the eternal themes." Goldberg, who has to his credit a long list of highly praised works on music, literature and the theatre, has done a truly masterly study of the rise of American popular music. The book is well worth your time.

Books in Brief

Among the books received too late for a detailed review we find:

Whistler: The Friend by Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Lippincott $3). Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell who are responsible for the famous collection of Whistleriana in the Library of Commerce at Washington also became known as the painter's most devoted biographers. Together they did *The Life of James McNeil Whistler* and *The Whistler Journal*. Now, after the death of Joseph Pennell, his wife has added another book to their works on Whistler. This one is occasioned by Mrs. Pennell having acquired only recently a collection of letters which Whistler wrote to Henri Fantin-Latour. For many years the Pennells endeavored to procure these letters but Fantin's widow had promised the use of them to M. Bénédite, then Conservateur du Luxembourg. Although this gentleman never used the letters he steadfastly refused their use to any one else. After the death of Bénédite and Madame Fantin, Mrs. Pennell purchased the letters from the Fantin estate and it is upon them that she has based her book. It shows us Whistler at a time when he was young, ardent, and friendly, a side of Whistler which the public seldom saw, especially in the later years when he became famed for the bitterness of his sting which left a venom not soon forgotten. Many will be grateful for this addition to Whistleriana.

Whistler by James Laver (Cosmopolitan $5). Here is another study of Whistler and a very different one; one which shows us the complete panorama of the artist's life. Against this background rich with the names of those responsible for our modern inheritance, we see that gorgeous character, always the artist, sometimes the actor, but consistently a law unto himself. Here we see the complete character of the man, Whistler with his frailties as well as Whistler with his talents and virtues. The book is exceedingly well done and should be prized for its physical aspects as well as its contents. Illustrated with many beautiful reproductions of the work of Whistler and his associates, the book is printed in large, readable type on buff paper and pleasingly bound in shades of green. It should make an admirable Christmas gift for your friends who have artistic leanings.

The Science of Folklore by Alexander Haggerty Krappe (Dial Press $4). Here is a scholarly and comprehensive presentation of the science of folklore; a critical study by a man who has been a long-time and devoted student of his subject. In eighteen chapters the different forms of folklore are discussed, the characteristics and genesis of each form given and a statement of the various theories which have been proposed to account for the given forms. It is likely that this book will arouse no little controversy among folklore students, as Mr. Krappe is sturdily individual in his point of view and his conclusions frequently are in marked disagreement with those of other schools.

Andrée: The Record of a Tragic Adventure by George Palmer Putnam (Brewer & Warren $2.50). Thirty-three years ago on July 14, 1897, Soloman August Andrée with two companions, Fraenkel and Strinberg, set out in a balloon questing the North Pole. A message under the wing of a carrier pigeon, two messages in buoys; then thirty-three years of silence punctuated with any number of rumors which gradually subsided into the plausible conviction that these explorers, like others before them, had been swallowed up by the white wastes of the North. On the sixth of August, 1930, a year in which the snows have melted lower than is usual, two fishermen became thirsty. They went ashore at White Island seeking water. What they found instead were the fur-clad skeletons of the Danish explorers together with their diaries and general equipment. The discovery was a front page story for the newspapers of the world. Mr. Putnam's account of this remarkable story is written in a straightforward journalistic fashion and is of value as a record of this tragic adventure.

The Life and Art of Dwight William Tryon by Henry C. White (Houghton, Mifflin $7.50). A faithfully prepared account of the New England artist and his works by one of his favorite pupils. The book should be a joy to book collectors as well as art collectors as the edition is beautifully done and is illustrated with forty-seven reproductions of Tryon's paintings. Although this artist did not limit his field to New England, he was said to excel at his interpretations of that section. Of Tryon the author of this book says, "No wonder he could paint New England! He *was* New England."

Upstage by John Mason Brown (Norton $3). Like other lovers, the lover of the theatre needs a confidant, and he now has one in *Upstage* by the witty and well informed dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*. Although profoundly critical, this new book by the author of *The Modern Theatre in Revolt* presents a lively, optimistic view of the important players, playwrights, scenic artists, directors and critics of the "vigorously exciting theatre of contemporary America."

The States Through Irish Eyes by E.OE. Somerville (Houghton, Mifflin $2.50) is a book to remember if you have any riding friends on your Christmas list. They will know the authoress, already, as collaborator with Martin Ross on the famous R.M. hunting stories. Last year she made a hunting trip to the United States, which she describes with charm and humor in this volume. She is the first lady M.F.H. in Ireland. If her hands are as light on a horse's mouth as they are with a pen, she is as good a horsewoman as she is a writer of short stories.

The Village Book by Henry Williamson (Dutton $2.50). Williamson seems to be generally accepted as Hudson's successor among naturists. There is, in *The Village Book*, a good deal that reminds one of Gilbert White. But Williamson's dry and subtle humor is sui generis in the work of nature writers. In this volume, scenes of village life alternate with scenes of the open countryside. In the village scenes, there is a strong atmosphere of old rural England, and a fine picture of English character. Nothing could better illustrate the marriage of English reticence and English lack of self-consciousness than the scene, for instance, of the Rabbit Supper. In the country chapters a love of wild things and creatures is saved from sentimentality by the firm structure of Williamson's utterly un-

The Outlook's Five-Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Octangle**, by Emanie Sachs: Cape & Smith.
Novel: **The Longer Day**, anonymous: Bobbs Merrill.
Biography: **Isabella of Spain, The Last Crusader**, by William T. Walsh: McBride.
Miscellaneous: **The Journal of My Other Self**, by Rainer Maria Rilke: Norton.

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sentimental prose. If you do not know Williamson, this is the book in which to meet him.

The Mysterious Universe by Sir James Jeans (Macmillan $2.25). Jeans is a philosopher scientist. In the earlier chapters of his book, which is simply written and intended for the general reader, he discusses the shift from the mechanistic or materialistic view of the universe, common until quite recently, to the mathematical or abstract view as exemplified by Einstein and others. His final chapter is given over to an extremely interesting presentation of the point of view of the scientist as philosopher concerning the universe as a whole and the significance of human life. Jeans offers his philosophical deductions tentatively. To the layman's eye, they are especially significant as illustrating the trend toward what may perhaps be called "unrevealed religion."

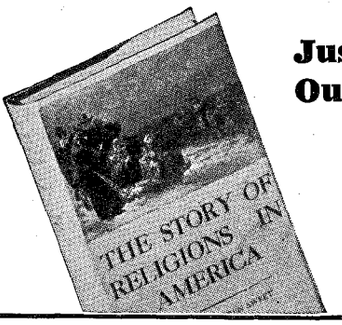
Charles W. Eliot by Henry James (2 volumes: Houghton, Mifflin $10). Whether one agrees with President Eliot's theory of education or not, one recognizes the fact that "he was one of the men with whom the student of American history in the nineteenth century will have to deal." For forty years he was the leading figure in the field of higher education. "Furthermore," as Dr. James says, "there was none among them (others in the field) whose contribution was more personal in the sense of being more expressive of his individual mind and temperament." In this noteworthy biography, background is used only to give emphasis and to throw light upon the delineation of Eliot's character and the study of his achievements. Letters and other private papers are freely used, and the picture presented has charm as well as force.

Behind the Blurbs

IN TELLING an interviewer that he intended to support a young American author and his family with the Nobel Prize money, Sinclair Lewis let himself in for a lot of praise in the German press—until it appeared that the young author was Mr. Lewis himself. Being funny in the wrong place is like taking a step at the top of the stairs that isn't there. Nobody's hurt, but you look very silly. However, some authors do it in their books, and Mr. Lewis hasn't done that yet. ♣ ♣ ♣ The Book of the Month for December is *Moby Dick*, with Rockwell Kent's illustrations. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Octangle*[1] is the story of a group of eight rather average civilized people—habitat New York—in whose midst suddenly bursts the bombshell of a brutal murder. Linda Carter is strangled. The murderer has left no trace. The police have nothing to go on, but suspicion darts about among Linda's friends. It is not a mystery story, though it has the elements of one, and these elements are very skilfully arranged to maintain sufficient suspense, and to give you the full value of the characters' reactions. And Chloe's discovery of the truth, though it is by that time no discovery to the reader—and isn't intended to be—is a very neat piece of work. It's an interesting story, and there is some malice in the character drawing. We liked Horace, the devotee of psychoanalysis, who was greatly upset by the murder and "wanted to get back into Dilke's [his analyst's] nicely charted world of fixations and complexes and dominations, where everything could be explained." There are only 127 pages in the book—exactly the right length for the story. Mrs. Sachs has cut her coat according to her cloth—something many authors seem unable to do. ♣ ♣ ♣ A new book in the Century Library of American Antiques is *Early American Silver*[2], by C. Louise Avery. It deals not only with the silver itself, but with the general conditions which made it what it was in different sections, and with the methods and personalities of the various silversmiths. There are 63 full page illustrations. ♣ ♣ ♣ All the good architecture of the past, says Sheldon Cheney in *The New York Architecture*[3], is based primarily on building materials and the ways of putting them together. When a type of architecture borrows from a previous style as ornament elements that are no longer structurally necessary, it becomes weak. The frame and its covering must have unity; rhythm and beauty must grow out of the structure, they can't be put on afterward like icing on a cake. Within the last generation new problems have been given the builder by central heating, plumbing, and so on; and new structural materials, iron and concrete, have revolutionized building. The architect, after a long period of trying to make buildings put up in the new way look as if they had been built by entirely different methods, is at last beginning to let the materials determine the style. This is Mr. Cheney's thesis, and he develops it satisfactorily in a handsome book, interesting even to the layman, which has some 300 fine pictures. ♣ ♣ ♣ Hugh Kingsmill has prepared a second anthology of abuse, *More Invective*[4], as a companion volume to his *Anthology of Invective and Abuse*.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Emanie Sachs: Cape & Smith, $1.50.
2. Century, $4.00.
3. Longmans, $10.00.
4. Dial, $2.50.



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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt, Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Seed, by Charles Norris: Doubleday Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy: Scribner's. A group of new stories about the Forsytes. Reviewed October 29.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Wolsey, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. Belloc shows Wolsey as a "great example of those who do mightily yet cannot see what they are doing." This is a brilliant biography written from a Catholic point of view. Reviewed November 12.

Royal Charles, Ruler and Rake, by David Roth: Brentano. More emphasis upon the rake than upon the ruler in this commonplace biography of Charles the Second. If you want to read about the Restoration in England Pepys will give you a better picture of it.

The Sins of New York, by Edward Van Every: Stokes. Looking back on New York through the files of the Police Gazette. Reviewed November 5.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

▸▸Next Week◂◂

What's Wrong with Lindbergh, by John S. Gregory.

In spite of his genius for publicity, Lindbergh's relations with the press have not been entirely happy. Reporters consider him their hardest assignment. The trouble, Mr. Gregory advises, is that Lindbergh does not desire personal publicity as much as to concentrate attention on various aviation projects.

Old Schools for New, by Edgar W. Knight.

Progressive education is all the rage, Dr. Knight declares. Old-fashioned discipline is out of style and "self-expression" is the cry of the hour. In spite of the emphasis on expression and initiative, Dr. Knight claims that a little of the iron of the old education is surely needed.

Slumming at Sea, by Edward Angly.

The author compares the respective merits of crossing the Atlantic as a first, second, or tourist third class passenger, and recounts some of the adventures which he has met at sea. The most interesting comments on life in America, he reports, strangely enough, were to be heard among third class passengers and were made by three Frenchmen.

Hoover and Enforcement, by Charles Merz.

In Part X of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz takes up the attempts of Mr. Hoover's administration to enforce the prohibition laws in accordance with the mandate which the drys claim the election of 1928 constituted. In spite of the newly created Law Enforcement Commission's proposal for juryless trials, the government found itself incapable of handling the problem presented by private stills and was again forced to put the question of enforcement up to the states.

▸▸ Religion's Voice ◂◂

As Heard in Recent Books

IT IS trite to say that this age is one of confusion—confusion in moral standards, confusion in political life and, most of all, confusion in religion. It is not so trite to point out that the fundamental cause of this chaos is the development of high power machinery, a characteristic which completely differentiates our age from any which has preceded it. And back of this amazing development there stands modern science and back of science there stands mathematics. Mathematical formulae are the basis of all the achievements of our western civilization and it is mathematical certainty for which the scientist seeks. But how valid is this mathematics which is at the heart of science? Is skepticism possible here? Does mathematics give certainty? It is questions such as these which are discussed by Tobias Dantzig, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Maryland, in a fascinating volume called *Number* (Macmillan). This is a history of the evolution of this subject from primitive man up to the most abstruse speculations of Riemann and Weierstrass. It will do more to familiarize the average man with this difficult field than any book which has yet appeared. Another book which asks some searching questions about our worship of science is *God Without Thunder* by John Crowe Ransom, Professor in Vanderbilt University (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). This volume is a spirited protest against the scientist and the religious modernist who seem to the author to have formed an alliance for the purpose of casting down the old, inscrutable but real God of orthodoxy that they might replace Him with a kind, soft God, obedient to His children's wishes.

How widespread is the recognition of our religious confusion is shown by the titles of some of the new books. *The Coming Religion* by Nathaniel Schmidt, Professor in Cornell University (Macmillan) is a case in point. Here is a speculation as to what will come out of it all. Like many others Professor Schmidt defines religion in terms which would not be acceptable to the overwhelming majority of religious folk. To him religion is simply "Devotion to the highest." Defined in this way the coming religion will be scientific, ethical and brotherly and will meet the mighty problems which will face it. It will be able to do this because it "has shown itself to be the mightiest of all the psychic powers and social instincts of man's nature." But can we be so certain of this? We may well question whether any religion which has lost its cosmic support can have any such driving power. In *Humanism as a Way of Life* (Business Bourse) J. George Frederick gives us the most definite statement of what humanism really proposes to do which we have yet seen. Humanism is applied to all the problems of our every day lives. This author clearly recognizes the confusion in which the modern mind finds itself and he shows what ought to be done. Still another book which endeavors to tell us what is to issue from the present confusion is called *After Christianity What?* (Brewer & Warren, Inc.). Its author, Theodore W. Darnell, is certain that Christianity is a dead dog. Particularly is he scornful of the liberal Christian and especially of that attitude of mind that looks "back to Jesus." Mr. Darnell sees in Jesus merely "a man who was indifferent to all the really vital relationships of life, a man whose attitude may be correctly expressed by the phrase—escape from the realities of life." This attitude of mind is so common among the emancipated of our generation that we refer them to a significant reply to that charge against Christian liberalism made by Harry F. Ward in the October number of the *Journal of Religion.* It is entitled "Is Jesus Superfluous?" Having put Jesus in His place Mr. Darnell removes God as an object of prayer and replaces Him by human society. And, according to the author, the Church is replaced by the world at large.

Such is one view of what is to come out of the confusion. In *Pathways to Certainty* (Scribner's) by William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary, we have what is probably the best systematic answer to the type of thought represented by our humanists that has yet appeared. With genuine sympathy and understanding Dr. Brown analyzes the arguments of the humanists and the mood which has produced those arguments. He answers them point by point. But the battle between the apostles of liberal religion and the humanists will not be decided by argument. It will rather be decided on the field of practical service. Who year in, year out, will work most effectively for a world without war, a world of industrial justice, a world of liberty? The years will decide.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Laundry

SHE was a young girl—pretty and high spirited and with plenty of chances, too—when she married him. Then, all in a minute it seemed, they had loved passionately, had quarreled; and he was gone. Left her. All in a minute, life had done this to her.

For there she was, with two babies. No money, and not knowing how to earn it. And not understanding in the least how it could all have happened like that. The recollection only made her turn her head quickly on her arm and catch her breath with tears for him. So she had looked around quickly and got herself work in a laundry. Any one could work in a laundry, no matter what. Besides, there was something hard and bitter in it that seemed to help her, when she couldn't put her mind to other things. "I never thought to be doing it," she would say to herself, her mind going round and round in a dull puzzle. Up and down, over the shirt front. The home they were going to have. And what would their children be.

The laundry was not such a bad place. After a bit, when she was used to it, she could bear to remember the quarrel. Not that she could ever come to say what it was about. No, she couldn't have told him then. But the look in his eyes, strange and angry as if he had a secret against her. She could close her eyes and bring it back again. And the feel of blood in her head, with none at all around her heart. "And if that's the way you feel and what you been thinking—" What way? "And I hope I never see your face again." Like stones, to be throwing at each other. She would bend down above the ironing board as if one struck her now, with a quick pain. Well. Go, then. Folding the finished piece and setting it aside. "Well, go then." She could remember saying it.

Pretty soon she was accustomed to it. The children were getting on in school. And evenings—hurrying from her work to stop for them, to buy their supper, to sew for them and ask them questions and turn them into bed—she had no time to mind that she was young and life had finished her for pleasure. If he came back now she could be holding up her head, she guessed. And did he think she would be wearing out her heart after him? Did he never wonder what was to become of the two girls? It was at such moments that if a sudden knock came at the door, or if a footstep sounded in the street she jumped up trembling, staring with a hope that burned her eyes like fire, until her heart died once again.

The work at the laundry that had steadied her and made her strong began to make her old. She glanced into the mirror timidly. Would he be coming back? She was not pretty now, nor young. There was the time she had been sick—that hot summer. And worry. There was the year she lost her job and had to find another. There was the time she'd thought she must give up the children. All in her face. And her hands rough now. She wondered, terrified, what if he came back?

She could not remember when she first forgave him. With the new work perhaps in the new laundry; and the promotion. Or, maybe, when the girls had finished school and worked beside her in the laundry. She had her hands full afterwards and her mind was taken up. What with the first girl marrying, and then the second. What with the trouble of the older one—the way her husband left her, with three children—and nothing but to take her home again.

The night that she came home, still thinking of the laundry—for she had responsibility there now, having worked twenty-seven years in the last place—she was a bit provoked to find a stranger in the house. He was a heavy well-to-do looking man and talking to her daughter. So for a while she sat and listened.

It wasn't till he turned his head. She sat and stared then at his profile. And presently she rose and walked to him. "I see you're home," she said gently.

"And tomorrow," he waved his hand eagerly, "tomorrow we'll go out and buy the town up! For you—for the girls—You see I've put by money all these years—look what I've brought you—" And under her eyes he held a string of pearls, a diamond ring.

She turned her look, from her husband's face to her daughter's. What had life done to her this time? "What was it made you come back?" she said.

He looked at her appealingly and made a gesture with his hand, vague and touching. "Impulse," he answered. "Same as I went away. Impulse."

But she went on thinking of something. "Tomorrow I'll be busy at the laundry," she said slowly.

And while they laughed at her, she went on looking at him, thinking back and trembling; not understanding how life did such things.

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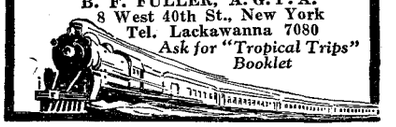
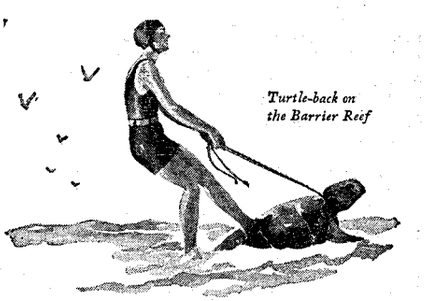


WHEN IT'S WINTER HERE IT'S SUMMER IN
Australia



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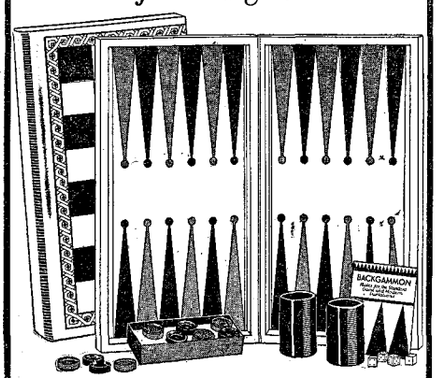

A folding board of approved box type—grained covering material for checker board playing field outside, with the look, feel and richness of fine leather in red and black color scheme; Backgammon design on inside of board in tan velour finish, with red and black points. Both playing surfaces are heavily padded, silencing the click of falling dice.

The entire board is correct in design, colorful, beautiful in every detail. Complete with implements, consisting of 30 ivory finish draughtsmen, two highly polished, noiseless, (padded) dice cups, four ivory dice and large ivory doubling dice—with 24-page booklet of rules for old and new versions of the game.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Morocco"

WHETHER or not Marlene Dietrich really resembles Greta Garbo—as Paramount has hinted—you will have to decide for yourself. It is certain, however, that she is a vividly beautiful young lady and an excellent actress. Moreover, while she comes from the German musical comedy stage she speaks flawless English. With her in *Morocco,* her first American film, are your old friends Adolphe Menjou and Gary Cooper. Mr. Menjou, as you know, has been in France making movies in French; this is his first English-language film in two years.

Directed by Josef von Sternberg of *Underworld* fame, *Morocco* is distinctly a movie for those interested in characterization. The melodramatic plot is negligible, but this seems of little importance in view of Herr von Sternberg's handsome and endlessly varied photography and his skilful use of the sound apparatus. Wisely, he has kept the dialogue at a minimum. It is a relief to find a director who has not forgotten that you can do something more with a camera than to provide illustrations for phonograph records. Beautiful Marlene Dietrich has come to Morocco to forget. Here she meets Gary Cooper, a private in the Foreign Legion, and Adolphe Menjou, a millionaire. The complete maturity and lack of sentimentality in the drawing of these three people saves *Morocco* from being either commonplace or dull. It is, in fact, a picture of which Paramount should be immensely proud.

"Laughter"

Nancy Carroll and Donald Ogden Stewart's grown-up dialogue have taken the old matter of the chorus girl pining away under the diamond-studded attentions of a big business husband and made it come to life again. So convincing are Nancy Carroll and Frederic March that the story actually seems new. All this should be a lesson to Hollywood where the wail over the lack of new story material is heard almost daily. We who review movies add to this wail—but if this old story—or *any* old story is well enough acted by characters and not rubber-stamp figures, the thing will go like a house afire. Perhaps director D'Arrast did it, perhaps it was Mr. Stewart's dialogue, and perhaps it was Nancy Carroll and the rest of the excellent cast—the fact remains that *Laughter* is convincing and moving and exciting and amusing, and in fact an altogether grand talkie. Frank Morgan, Glenn Anders and Dianne Ellis also perform very nicely indeed.

"The Dancers"

Some day I am going out to Hollywood to find out what the Fox stars really look like. Certainly I shall never find out from watching that company's films, which seem to be photographed in semi-darkness. Either the famous California sunshine has dwindled to a point at which the actors need canes to tap their ways about the sets—or else the Fox (and the Warner company also) have taken to printing their pictures on strips of cardboard or some other light-resisting substance. Or perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps it is Art to have murky photography. In my simple, vulgar way, I like to see what's going on and who the actors are. *Liliom* seemed to be printed on pink film. *Scotland Yard* was mostly in the dark, and now *The Dancers* with Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes is so badly lighted that half the time you get Miss Moran and Mae Clarke all mixed up. Even the exterior shots are so badly planned that the characters blur with the foliage; none of them stands out, none of them has depth. I advise the Fox and Warner people to go see some of Papa Paramount or Uncle MGM's nice clear black and white pictures.

The Dancers is an undistinguished little story with Lois Moran as a post-war society girl given to loose living. The picture certainly is nothing to rave about from any point of view, but I do think Miss Moran has improved tremendously since I last saw her.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: This fine war film is coming back to some theatres for the second and third time.
Doorway to Hell: A superior and fast-moving gang story based on the life of Al Capone.
Feet First: Harold Lloyd flirting with death on the face of a skyscraper.
Murder: British mystery-thriller which is quite different.
Outward Bound: The old play about life after death, well acted by Leslie Howard and others.
Two Hearts in Waltz Time: A German operetta with some catchy tunes and an enthusiastic cast.

Other New Films

The Pay Off: Fair enough crook picture based on the stage play **Crime.** With Lowell Sherman and Marion Nixon.
A Lady's Morals: Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera in a mild story of Jenny Lind's career. The title was just thrown in to make it harder.
Renegades: Interminable battles by the Foreign Legion with Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy hissing at each other.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is a thermatic coffee maker which does everything but drink the coffee for you. It is a solid, innocent looking pot, with a hinged lid on the spout into which water is poured directly from the faucet. A peg in the center is adjusted to permit 2, 4, or 6 cups of boiling water to drip through the coffee only *once* after placing on the stove. But the crowning touch is the small bird on the lid which first warbles softly when the coffee is done—then, if you do not heed the call, demands attention with a shrill whistle.

FEATHERWEIGHT is a new non-rubber, waterproof fabric which does not decompose, mildew, harden, crack or peel. For from $1.90 to $3.75 you can get shower curtains of it in four sizes, and it will stand the heat of the bathroom without drying out. It is a very light material which is absolutely waterproof and lasts indefinitely. The curtains are made in a printed lattice design with tiny contrasting flowers—green with red flowers, maize with red, blue with yellow, rose or orchid with green, and plain green. You can also get matching window curtains of Featherweight, with valance and tie backs for $2.50. Also a home shampoo cape for a dollar—good because you can clean it with a damp cloth and soap.

THE Dale Midget Umbrella is only ten inches long when folded up, and will fit into an ordinary handbag, but it opens out into a regulation size article which will protect you as completely from the fury of the storm as any umbrella can.

THE A. & P. stores have a new product on sale for which the assembled executives in secret conference selected the remarkably apt and descriptive name of Spee Dee Kleen. Perhaps you can guess what it is. Right the first time; it's a dry cleaner. And we are told that it's a very good one.

AND ladies, if you want your stockings dull finished to correspond with the fashion, and you find that you have a large supply that reflect the light with almost mirror-like intensity, there is a fluid called Rainbow Stocking Delustre which will dull them with one dip.

CANNON towels, we understand, have gone in for sex appeal. Whereas there used to be but one type of towel, henceforth there will be two—those with masculine designs and those with feminine designs. The masculine are represented by a floral motif for the outdoor man, and a chevron motif for the fighting type. Then there's a combination of the two for the man who is a little of both. As for the feminine designs, they are what you might expect. What interests us is the speculation as to whether or not this is another of those attempts by manufacturers to persuade people to buy twice as many of everything as they can use. A car for every member of the family; belt sets for men—that sort of thing. It's going to be bad when the bathtub manufacturers and the gas stove makers and the radio people begin this sort of advertising. Every young married couple will have to start out with two of everything. Of course, we'll all be spending more, and in that today, we are told, lies the hope of salvation. Personally, we haven't any objection to spending more. We spend all we can. But we want to spend it on what we want to spend it on, not on masculine towels, or at the nudging of some manufacturer.

THE Genico incinerator is a contraption for burning rubbish and garbage in the home which is easy to install and, as contraptions go, not expensive. You set it on the floor in the basement and connect it with the chimney flue. Then heave in garbage and rubbish. The air circulation dries the wet garbage, and the combustible rubbish is the only fuel needed. When it's full, light it at the top and let it burn out. There are no odors wandering about the house, during either filling or burning. Two sizes—two and five bushels.

BEHOLD the dinerette table—which when closed looks like a two-drawer living room cabinet, but when open is lined with porcelain enamel and has a double outlet for electric grills or toasters. Drawer below for eating tools, and the top, when flopped over backward, rests on a supplementary leg and makes a table. Good for the studio, the hall bedroom, or the college dormitory.

IF THE hunt for cards, score pads, pencils and so on sometimes delays your evening by half a rubber, take a look at the Caddy card table beneath whose lid is ample space for all these things—and more. It also has a built-in ash receiver.

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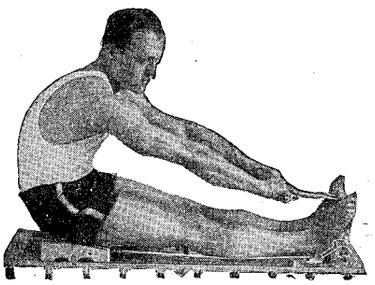

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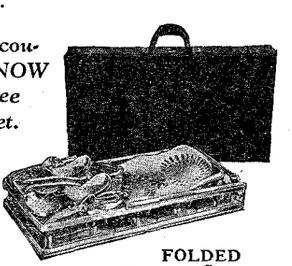

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Migrating Capital and Industry

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE shifting of industries in this country from one section to another is a not infrequent development. If an industry is extractive, it may move because of the exhaustion of a natural resource and the need of finding new supplies of raw material. Thus, the petroleum industry within the past half-century has moved from Pennsylvania to the Southwest and to the Pacific Coast, and the lumber industry has developed new centers on the Gulf Coast and in the Pacific Northwest. Another familiar example of migration is seen in the drift of the cotton industry from New England to the South. The boot and shoe industry likewise has shown a tendency to change its base from the environs of Boston to those of St. Louis.

Cheaper labor and power, the proximity of raw materials and better means of reaching the markets are the reasons most frequently assigned for such intersectional shifts. In more recent times American industry has shown a new nomadic tendency by overleaping national boundaries and establishing itself in foreign lands.

In a broad sense the invasion by American industry of new fields may be regarded as one phase of our transition from a debtor to a creditor nation. First, our investors have been buying into foreign industries by purchasing their securities publicly offered for sale here and abroad. Secondly, our capitalists have been investing directly in foreign enterprises without the marketing of securities, and in many instances have obtained a controlling interest while leaving the management in foreign hands. Lastly, our industrialists have begun to set up branches of their own factories in foreign countries.

Within the past year this migratory tendency of American capital and industry has given rise to no little discussion and controversy. Whether for good or ill, it has attained substantial proportions. A recent estimate—no authoritative figures are available—indicates that there are now approximately 1,500 American branch factories operating in Canada, and the number is steadily increasing. Some of these concerns are small, but included in the list are such important organizations as the Ford Motor Company, General Motors, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and the Dennison Manufacturing Company, all powerful concerns.

There is no single explanation for this branching out of American factories. In some instances American manufacturers have set up plants in Canada in order to take advantage of the cheaper power available there. In others the purpose has been to obtain an adequate supply of raw materials not obtainable in the United States, as in the case of pulp wood. In still others the existence of tariff walls is the explanation.

It has been possible, for example, for the American automobile companies to obtain a two-fold tariff advantage by setting up branches in Canada. They avoid, in the first place, the high duty levied by the Canadian government on foreign cars, and in the second place their Canadian-made cars obtain the benefit of any preferential tariff rates extended to Canada by other members of the British Empire.

THE desire to leap over the new and higher tariff wall which has been erected this year around Canada by the Conservative government appears to be the chief motive on the part of many American manufacturers in the last few months in establishing Canadian branches. Because of the similarity of industrial conditions in the United States and the Dominion, the management of a Canadian branch is about as easy and simple as the management of one in another American state.

When an American company, however, establishes factories in Europe or Japan or Latin America the problem is complicated by the greater differences in social and industrial conditions. In this connection we may recall the difficulties which have faced Henry Ford since he decided to pay the equivalent of American wages in his European plants. It is his purpose to provide his European employees with the same standard of living enjoyed by his workers in Detroit. This has called for a comparison not only of living costs in Detroit and the European cities where Ford plants operate but also of the habits and customs of the workers in each country.

An American worker receiving Ford's minimum wage of seven dollars a day would probably regard a moderate-priced automobile as more of a necessity than a luxury, while a European worker in the same economic plane would probably give precedence to many other things in arranging his scale of comforts before he thought of including a car. There was no existing agency which could supply Mr. Ford with the information he required in order to make his plan effective.

The United States Department of Labor finally undertook to ascertain the facts about living costs in Detroit, and the International Labor Office, operating under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva, with the aid of funds supplied by Edward A. Filene of Boston, is making a similar investigation in the cities of Europe.

On this side of the Atlantic the leaders of organized labor are disposed to view the migration of American capital and industry abroad with misgiving. Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, regards American investments in foreign securities as contrary to the interests of the American worker, inasmuch as they may supply our foreign competitors with the means of competing with cheap labor against the high-wage labor of the United States. The establishment of branch factories abroad he regards as mainly a device for evading the payment of standard American wages.

This last objection can hardly apply in the case of Canada, where conditions are similar to those in the United States, and it is to Canada that branch factories are going in the greatest number. Nor does it seem to apply to the Ford establishments overseas which are expected to pay the equivalent of American wages. As to the migration of capital in the form of foreign loans, it should be noted that a large part of these loans is spent in this country, with labor getting much of the benefit, and that in so far as American credits enhance the purchasing power of foreign countries American labor is sure in the long run to derive further benefit.

There is reason to believe that these migrations of capital and industry will continue. For the moment the depressed condition of foreign countries may check the movement, but when prosperity returns, as eventually it will, the capitalists and industrialists of the richest country in the world may be counted upon to go venturing again in new fields.

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Hindenburg Losing His Grip

(Continued from Page 495)

and of impending collapse. But he never flinched. After pleading almost until midnight for a favoring vote in the Reichstag—which he got—he returned home to die. At five the next morning Stresemann was no more.

And when they told Hindenburg that, because of his advanced age, a carriage would be provided for him in the Stresemann funeral cortège, the octogenarian growled: "No carriage for me! I will walk behind the coffin!" And walk he did, the whole length of the Wilhelmstrasse. That was what Hindenburg thought of Stresemann.

Stresemann's death would have been serious enough for Germany under any circumstances. But, if it should now be combined with loss of grip on the part of Hindenburg, the combination may prove too serious for the republic to weather.

If Hindenburg can keep his grip two years longer it may be the salvation of parliamentary government in Germany. If he staves off old age and growing weakness sufficiently to do his share in keeping Hitlerism at bay, he will have earned the gratitude of all (both at home and abroad) who deprecate violence in all its forms.

Hindenburg may yet prove the decisive factor against Hitlerism. He may be the indispensable force making possible the continuation of the Stresemann policy of regenerating Germany by peaceful means, now that Stresemann is dead and the enemies of his policy are menacingly rearing their heads in the land.

If ever the German Republic needed Hindenburg it is now. To the right, the cohorts of Hitler are falling into line. Far out on the left, Moscow bides its time. And bent over Germany's old warrior-president, slyly whispering in his ear, is Herr von Treviranus.

Art: Three Aisles Over

(Continued from Page 503)

Paxon-Stokes Company in Atlanta, and of Ohio artists at the Lindner Company of Cleveland.

"It stands to reason," said the president of Arnold Constable and Company, "that if in a department store works of art are exhibited, even though they are exhibited for the purpose of selling them, thousands will see them, whereas in the galleries they will be seen by only a limited few. And as people see these works of art and learn that they are not being offered at prohibitive prices, more people in moderate circumstances, art lovers eager to possess worthy paintings and sculptures, will buy than is the case now. Two purposes will be served by this method; making it possible for more people to acquire works of art, and greatly enlarging the market for the products of worthy artists."

At present the ranking achievement among the department stores in bringing art to the multitudes is that of the Kaufman store at Pittsburgh, where there was recently dedicated a set of ten magnificent mural paintings by Boardman Robinson, depicting the history of commerce. Two cabinet officials, the Secretary of Labor and the Secretary of Commerce, attended this wedding of art and trade, and forgot about unemployment and the business depression while they gave their approval to the declaration that the "development of art should be the cultural goal of America. Our destiny as a creative nation which sponsors and encourages artistry is assured, providing our power to appreciate continues to grow in the future as it has in the recent past. No modern organization is in a better position to observe this artistic evolution than a large department store. Close contact with the varied demands of human beings has indicated to us the public's increasing appreciation of color and form. The dollar is no longer the sole issue. Many people have become willing to invest a considerable portion of that dollar in beauty in spite of the fact that they consider they are thereby denying themselves of an apportionate percentage of utility."

When the Macy store in New York held its second International Exposition of modern art, Mr. De Forest, to whom I must refer again because of his godfathership of the artistic renaissance among the tradesmen, consented to write the foreword to the voluminous catalogue of the exposition. He pointed out that there were several agencies active in bringing beauty into the American's everyday life. He mentioned the advertising agencies, whose artists and copywriters have found beauty a potent selling argument; he spoke of the museums, which are always there for those who want to go to them. But he glossed them over hurriedly, as any sensible man these days must, and came triumphantly to the big stores . . . .

"Department stores have a potential leadership of the utmost importance in guiding and moulding public taste and in improving the standards of design," he said. "As the primary sales outlet for a broad range of articles designed for everyday use and adornment, the department store group exerts a profound

When men develop NERVES

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influence upon the sources of production. It is to be expected that the manufacturers will, therefore, take their cue from the interest of these retail centers and will anticipate the trend toward design which will catch the spirit and rhythm of modern life. Such design well done is art in a real sense and its availability to a wide range of purses is art on a broader and a higher plane than this country has ever known."

Heartened by this advice, the stores went in for stylists and colorists on a grand scale. Young men and young women, fresh from college and the art schools, often blissfully ignorant of the elementary facts of retailing, came into the big stores to design chintzes and evolve harmonious luncheon table ensembles. The Macy store placed on its staff a young woman who had taught design at Yale, to create for this huge popular bazaar and its subsidiary stores in Newark, Atlanta and Toledo original expressions of the modern spirit in china, glassware, fabrics, bed and table linen, baby carriages, and carpets. The Young-Quinlan Company in Minneapolis boasted that "one of the leading artists in the country is here on the ground adding touches constantly."

Everybody thought in terms of doing his store over to meet the new craze for modernism. Black glass and chromium, indirect lights and ornamental grill work appeared on main floors across the breadth of the land. Gimbels in New York, pondering a way to achieve the benefits of the new spirit, originated its lovely Old World Shop to serve as a permanent exhibition of good taste.

The Fifth Avenue Saks store in New York set a new tempo through its windows where Archipenko's sculptures gave exotic charm to expensive frocks and wraps. The Stewart store, Whitney Warren's creation, and the last word in modern architecture and decoration, opened its handsome doors for a few fleet months, during which it functioned as show place more than shop.

But modernism proved to be no more than a bubble, and a highly expensive one at that. All America, thanks to the big stores, knew what it was about, but America refused to buy *l'art nouveau.* Saddened and a bit humbled, the department stores went back to the job of being missionaries of beauty and handmaidens of culture. Exhibits of home town artists took the place of the expensive imported modernists; art in domestic industry came in for consideration; the public schools brought down their batiks and baskets for display.

Although their interesting and lavish shows failed to merit a popular response in this country, although the grand splurge of the modernistic went for nothing, nevertheless, because it is the best kind of good business for it to go on, the department store's campaign to raise the level of taste and culture is marching on. As a matter of fact it has so fully permeated this land that the grand bazaar of the multitudes, the five-and-ten, has, in its own way gone in, through the sale of well designed glassware, chintzes and theatrical gauze, tasteful lampshades, ceramics, and other interesting accessories, educational toys, and books. It has even begun to publish magazines, and when Jim Tully writes an interpretation of Charlie Chaplin for one of these, there can be no doubt of the ultimate destiny of this land of high brows.

Hoover-Conscious Stanford

(Continued from Page 498)

Stanford did not question Mr. Hoover's authority or his appreciation of Dr. Wilbur's public services. But the *Stanford Daily's* thrust touched home. Its editors after gleefully agreeing among themselves that it was the essence of high life for a college daily to be noticed by a President, had the solemn experience late in October of seeing the board of regents vote that Secretary Wilbur should not draw the Stanford presidential salary after August 31 last, and that as acting president Dr. Swain should exercise full administrative powers. Both actions were taken, it was announced, at the request of Dr. Wilbur. But the requests had not been given publicity before the *Daily* had launched its criticism of the purely administrative handicaps of the situation.

There are still things to be cleared up in the situation, however, before Stanford ceases to be a Hoover province and begins to enjoy seeing an alumnus as President of the United States. How real the acting president's new powers will be, for instance, and how much he will use them is still a subject of alumni and campus speculation. A statement in the San Francisco *Chronicle* following the regents' meeting announced that he would exercise them as had been done "previously," and suspicion has surmised that this will at least mean that every university concern which can be remotely conceived as affecting the national administration will be referred to Washington. Secretary Wilbur, too, still retains his leave-of-absence status and his title as university president.

Not ostensibly at Dr. Wilbur's suggestion, the editors of the campus humor magazine, the *Stanford Chaparral,* learned how such affairs can terminate when two cartoons celebrating the closeness of the Hoover-Wilbur connection were published in the October number. Nothing was done to infringe the Stanford free press traditions, but the young men concerned were definitely "spoken to." They were reminded on their campus that true Stanford men were loyal to Stanford's great in trying positions. Also, they were asked with mature adroitness to agree not to exploit further the connection of the President of the United States with Stanford. They departed without promising anything but with the feeling that, even with the backbone of the appanage system broken, Stanford's acute Hoover-consciousness would still stand a lot of curing.

The most encouraging feature of the train of events to the more liberal alumni, however, is that the student body has been made by its recent experiences so conscious of the university's dependence on the Hoover administration's sense of convenience that it really is awake enough to go to work and cure the evil. Whether this will involve the final separation of Dr. Wilbur from his Stanford authority will depend, no doubt, either on his indispensability to the Interior Department, or on the spirit in which his absentee presidency is exercised during the coming year. Curiously enough, even among the Stanford dissenters, neither elder statesman seems to be personally unpopular. The cloying intimacy of the connection has merely produced a series of minor hardships and embarrassments which has made the Stanford liberal leaders feel that President Hoover and Regent-Alumnus Hoover ought to be separate persons—so separate, in fact, that Stanford may enjoy, and be happily proud, of claiming both.

Tiger from Texas

(Continued from Page 494)

Edgar Howard, a Nebraska member and erstwhile secretary to William Jennings Bryan. Formal society makes no appeal to him.

Nor will there be any quarrel over social precedence with Dolly Gann if Garner becomes Speaker. Almost since he entered the House along with "Nick" in 1903, Mrs. Garner, a pleasant, dark-haired, young-looking and capable woman, has served as his secretary. Their home on a six-acre lot in Uvalde is a comfortable but unpretentious place set in the midst of a pecan orchard, live oaks and a truck garden. Their own cows and chickens furnish milk and eggs for their table, and, when not engaged in sewing on the wide veranda, Mrs. Garner may be found in the garden or coop. Though they have a man-of-all-

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work, a maid and a cook, she frequently assumes active charge in the kitchen. At dinner, which is served at sunny noon, the hired man and the county health nurse, who boards with them, sit at table. The town banker, carpenter or cattleman—friends of "Jack"—may add to the number. It is, indeed, quite a contrast to casual or formal gatherings in the Longworth salon on Massachusetts Avenue. In fact, Mrs. Garner's chief concern anent her prospective entry into Washington society is that her favorite dish of frijoles—Mexican beans—never appears on the menus.

To Uvalde Garner moved from northwestern Texas in 1888 when, a youth of twenty, he was declared by a physician to be in the last stages of tuberculosis. To the home schooling a cultured aunt had given him in his boyhood he added lessons learned during intermittent study in a law office. His popularity in his new town led to an immediate nomination and election as county judge. When some opposition developed against a second term for the newcomer, he climbed on a horse, packed a gun and some dried meat in a saddlebag and roamed the chaparral in a search for delegates. Arriving at the city of Corpus Christi, he asked for an interview with the political leader, whose support seemed essential to success. As the two met, the local boss looked down and over the unshaven, ragged and dusty Garner from head to foot. Then the former burst out:

"What a hell of a lookin' runt you are!"

But "Jack" got the Corpus Christi delegates. Now, as then, he's a far better man than he looks.

The Wets Organize

(Continued from Page 501)

hibition leaders insisted, how fairly these ballots had been counted, how many drys had failed to vote and how many wets had voted twice. In the opinion of the Anti-Saloon League, such polls as these were not only wholly unreliable and entirely misleading but "in effect, whether so intended or not, part of the wet agitation and propaganda[16]."

There is no way in which to test the validity of these rival theories to the satisfaction of both parties. Comparisons are sometimes made between the vote cast in the *Literary Digest* poll in 1922, in California or in Massachusetts, and the vote cast in these same states in the same year on the enactment of state enforcement laws. Such comparisons are unreal, since the two polls raised different issues. A more accurate comparison could be made between an unofficial poll and an official poll in which the same question was placed before the voter: for example, the question of modifying the Volstead Act to permit light wines and beer. All such polls, however, while convincing to the wets, were unsatisfactory to the drys as a test of public sentiment, whether official or unofficial.

THERE remained one other test of sentiment and to the friends of prohibition it was the only right one. "The only legal referendum on federal questions," insisted the Anti-Saloon League, "is the election of federal officers who vote on such issues[17]." Straw ballots made no legislation. The one certain test of public opinion was the election of a federal Congress which actually had power to make laws or unmake them.

In this respect the drift of opinion seemed to the friends of prohibition to be unmistakably in their favor. A dry Congress had adopted the Eighteenth Amendment and written the Volstead Act. Subsequently, said Mr. Wheeler in 1926, "each year the Congress that has been elected has been drier than its predecessor[18]."

On this point, however, Mr. Wheeler's figures did not entirely bear him out. His analysis of the results of the 1926 elections showed that "71 per cent of the Democratic members and 72 per cent of the Republican members of the House, with 70 per cent of the Democratic members and 76 per cent of the Republican members of the Senate, have dry voting records or have made dry pronouncements[19]." In the original test of strength on the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1917, prohibition had the support of 69 per cent of the Democratic members and 69 per cent of the Republican members of the House; 75 per cent of the Democratic members and 78 per cent of the Republican members of the Senate. On the basis of Mr. Wheeler's figures in 1926 the friends of prohibition had gained some ground in the House, but lost more in the Senate.

16. *New York Times*, March 14, 1926.

17. *New York Times*, March 18, 1926.

18. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 868.

19. *New York Times*, November 6, 1926.

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Nevertheless, the dry majority was comfortably large. There was no question of its ample power in 1926 to block any proposal looking toward modification of the law or its repeal. To this extent the friends of prohibition had command of the situation. The opponents of prohibition were faced by the task of explaining the continued presence of a dry majority in Congress if public opinion itself, as they believed, and as they sought to prove from the results of many official and unofficial referendums, was so predominantly in favor of a change.

One theory on which the opponents of the law relied, to explain their lack of success in Congress, was the theory that Congress itself had denied wet districts of the country their proper share of representation through its failure to reapportion seats in the House of Representatives following the 1920 census. It is not a particularly impressive theory, though there can be no question that Congress had chosen cheerfully to nullify a basic article of the Constitution. Reapportionment would have changed no seats in the Senate and only a handful in the House.

A more persuasive argument, though one less often cited, lay in the fact that representation in Congress was so apportioned within the states that rural districts frequently enjoyed a superiority out of proportion to their numbers. In Wisconsin, for example, the legislative districts containing the two largest cities in the state, Milwaukee and Racine, had one representative in Congress in 1926 for every 269,000 people; the other districts, one representative for every 228,000 people[20]. In New York, the districts containing New York City had one representative for every 249,000 people; the rest of the state one for every 232,000 people[21]. In Illinois, Cook county had one representative for every 312,000 people; the rest of the state one for every 223,000 people[22]. It took three people in Cook county to equal two outside.

Nevertheless, with due allowance for all this, the fact remains that the opponents of prohibition had never attempted to offset this disadvantage by organizing an effective opposition. The first signs of such opposition began to appear only after 1923. The strategy of the average Congressman in doubtful territory, in these circumstances, was to play the situation both ways as effectively as possible. By making what Mr. Wheeler described as "dry pronouncements" he could win the valuable support of the Anti-Saloon League and its allies. By keeping the cost of enforcement so low that it would neither add unwelcome taxes nor shut off the sources of illicit liquor he could hope to stave off an organized political revolt on the part of the opponents of the law.

The net result could accurately be described as a stalemate. The friends of prohibition had elected a Congress which would make dry pronouncements till the record bulged. The enemies of prohibition had impressed this Congress with the desirability of making no real effort to enforce the law.

It was a Congress with a three-to-one majority for prohibition which knifed the Andrews plan.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of November 22, 1950

The publishers of the Autobiography of Herbert Hoover scheduled for publication January 1, 1951, have announced that the chapters relating to the period from November 1930 to November 1932, are waiting for the records of the Wickersham Commission and cannot be given to the public before the year 1990.

A bill was introduced Monday in the Wisconsin legislature making illegal the holding of more than 30 per cent of the state offices by members of the LaFollette family.

Dispatches from Moscow indicate that no excitement was caused in Russia this week by the broadcast, in various languages, from Washington, describing an alleged plot on the part of Russia, Japan, Britain and France to invade and subjugate the United States.

THE sharpest change in the membership of Congress since 1917, as analyzed by Mr. Wheeler nine years later, had come on the Democratic side of the Senate, where the dry strength had decreased from 75 per cent to 70 per cent. This was the result of the election of wet Democrats in several of the large industrial states. A powerful faction of the party had its stronghold in the urban sections of the North and East. It was the increasing strength of this faction and its insistence on the necessity of a change, coupled with the reluctance of another faction of the party in the South and West to recognize the desirability of a change, which resulted in the curious decision of the Democratic party in 1928 to nominate a wet candidate for President on a platform favoring strict enforcement.

There was an unmistakable confusion of purposes here which time did not remove. On the contrary, not only did the confusion of purposes remain to the end: it rapidly became the business of statesmen in both parties to magnify it rather than to dissipate it.

On the Democratic side, it was obviously good tactics to emphasize the importance of Governor Smith's theories in the cities and simultaneously to minimize the importance of his theories in the rural sections of the country, where they were certain to be unpopular. On the Republican side it was equally good tactics to reverse this policy, to emphasize the importance of Governor Smith's theories in the rural sections and to belittle the importance of his theories in the cities.

Thus, while Senator Borah was traveling through the smaller cities of the South and West, insisting that the cause of national prohibition now faced a crisis and warning the women voters of these towns that Governor Smith "proposes to destroy the effort you have made to protect the American home[23]," Mr. Charles Evans Hughes was traveling through the larger cities of the North and East, assuring Republican voters that Governor Smith's program could not possibly involve a serious threat to the cause of national prohibition and dismissing the whole controversy as a mere "sham battle[24]." While the Republican drys in the smaller towns of Kansas were girding themselves to defend the Constitution, the Republican wets in Boston were being told by a Kansas Senator, Mr. Curtis, that the Constitution was never more secure. "Don't let the Democrats fool you. They cannot amend the Constitution as Congress is constituted . . . . Don't grasp at the straw because it won't hold you[25]."

Meantime, it did not help clarify the issue to have Mr. Hoover's views, on the other side of this controversy, widely interpreted in dry sections of the country as uncompromisingly in favor of prohibition and widely interpreted in wet sections of the country as offering hope of an immediate change.

Throughout the whole campaign an influential part of the Republican press in the larger cities differed on this point with the Republican press in the smaller towns, insisted that Mr. Hoover had never been identified with the prohibition movement, declared that his attitude toward the whole question was essentially open-minded and argued that he

20. *Congressional Directory*, January, 1926, pp. 127-130.
21. *Ibid.*, pp. 70-83.
22. *Ibid.*, pp. 22-27.
23. Speech at Salisbury, N. C., *New York Times*, Oct. 17, 1928.
24. Speeches at Buffalo, Worcester, Mass., and Brooklyn, *New York Times*, October 27, October 31, and November 2, 1928.
25. *New York Times*, September 7, 1928.

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would be in a far more favorable position than Governor Smith to change the law, since he would not be handicapped within his own party by the opposition of the Solid South. One of the major triumphs of the campaign, for this section of the Republican press, was the discovery that Mr. Hoover had once expressed the opinion in a statement made as Food Administrator that it was "mighty difficult to get drunk on 2.75 per cent beer[26]."

If Kansas now chose to read Mr. Hoover's campaign speeches as a stirring repudiation of any and all plans to modify the law, the *New York Herald Tribune* threw its hat into the air over a statement of purposes which "plainly left the door open for such reforms as a new definition of what are intoxicating liquors[27]."

However cautious historians a decade hence may be in assessing the individual importance of the complex political, social and economic influences which played a part in the 1928 campaign, there was no hesitancy on the part of leaders on both sides of the prohibition question to rush into print with ultimate conclusions on the morning after the election. To the Methodist Board of Temperance it seemed clear that the great referendum on prohibition had at last been held[28], to the *New York Herald Tribune* that an attempt to work out a constructive solution of the problems created by the Volstead Act would now begin[29], to Dr. Francis Scott McBride that "the result is a thorough vindication of the Anti-Saloon League[30]" and to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler that 21,000,000 wet votes had been cast in the election[31].

With the slight advantage of a few years' perspective, it is difficult today to guess what part prohibition actually played in the campaign of 1928, to what degree it was shadowed by such issues as prosperity, how large an element of the Republican party in the larger cities voted for Mr. Hoover believing his candidacy carried promise of a change, whether the manner in which the issue was raised by Governor Smith was harmful or helpful to the cause of modification or repeal, and whether this whole affair was a meteoric interruption or a logical development of the organized opposition which was now beginning to appear.

Perhaps the one certain thing that can be said of 1928 is that a candidate who had described prohibition as an ambitious experiment was now assured an opportunity to see what he could make of it.

(To be continued)

26. Statement to the press, June 5, 1918.
27. *New York Herald Tribune*, August 17, 1928.
28. *New York Times*, November 8, 1928.
29. *New York Herald Tribune*, November 8, 1928.
30. *New York Times*, November 8, 1928.
31. *New York Times*, November 20, 1928.

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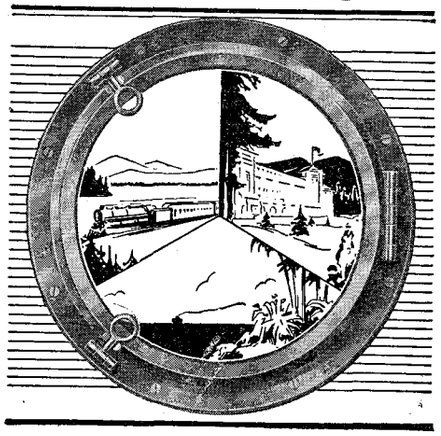

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With Our Readers

Political Leadership

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Andover, Conn.*

SIR—That was an inspiring article of yours by Mr. McManus, "The Rise of a Roosevelt." We need in this country always some tribune of the people, like the elder Roosevelt, Bryan and Wilson. For it is apparent with our large and unwieldy producing capacity we should not have our leaders talk too much about "a full dinner pail" or "two-car families" although such things are desirable, but are in no sense of the word ideals. It always seemed to me that Berlin's crooning election song, "Good times with Hoover, Better times with Al," made a false and uninspiring appeal. Men will starve and die for an ideal, but by the very nature of things, one cannot starve for the "full dinner pail." Ideals can only be implanted in the popular mind by tribunes of the people and a capitalistic democracy can only survive if it has leaders who lead spiritually. A voluntary, unpaid political worker will beat the hired worker every time, but he can only be a voluntary worker if he has a free will aroused by an ideal. Only leaders can arouse and consolidate a political ideal.

WOOLSEY MCA. JOHNSON.

Helping the Farmer

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

SIR—In the past there have been many articles in your columns on the subject of farm relief and all of them mention the fact that taxes on the farms have increased 140 to 150 per cent while revenues obtained have sagged enormously. It has now reached the point where taxation is the largest item of overhead to most farmers, and many of them have lost their property because of their inability to pay the taxes out of the revenues obtained.

Does not this very fact suggest the most potent and powerful remedy for the impoverished farmer? Change our system of land taxation for all general state and county revenue. Our system of taxation is an outgrowth of the feudal system wherein land was the principal form of property. Conditions have certainly changed and now the principal sources of income are other than from agriculture. As a result it is manifestly unfair to ask the farmers to bear such a load of taxation as they do merely because of their ownership of lands. In many states the system of taxation compels the landowner to pay a share or all of the expense of putting through paved roads, which are used more by other people than by the adjoining owner.

As a conclusion drawn from an examination of this situation, I would say that the remedy lies in a change in the theory of taxation. The only equitable form of taxation is to tax the income one receives from property instead of the property itself and consider real property and personal property as alike for this purpose . . . .

Most certainly the matter of farm relief is one of the most important problems confronting our nation, more important even than prohibition. I would be most pleased to see your magazine adopt a strenuous constructive program on this question as well as on the question of prohibition, where you appear to me to have adopted the liberal, constructive policy which is now necessary.

DUDLEY E. WHITING.

Presidential Speeches

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Hebron, N. Dak.*

SIR—I am not in sympathy with your criticism of the President's speeches. A man in high public office needs to be careful of making rash statements and he is not able to solve the questions of the day any more than you or I. These things work themselves out and no one man can be responsible for world conditions. In the appointing of the Farm Board he did as he pledged he would do. He never said how it would work out. None of us know yet and criticizing them will not help in the final outcome . . . .

PAULINE A. CROWLEY.

Presidential English

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *McKinney, Texas*

SIR—The speech that President Hoover delivered on Monday evening to the Association of National Advertisers has caused me to recall an a yours dealing with the President's bute grammar and to wonder once more whe really speaks the English language or i that speech, although it consists of only ei nine short paragraphs, there are more egr blunders than the average educated reader expect to find in any production of similar in the correspondence columns of a country paper.

The President, I take it, meant to laud delegates, and yet he used such sentences as following: "It certainly is the vocal organ which industry sings its songs of beguilem but your subtlety and beguiling methods ha long since overcome resentment." In using th words "beguilement," "subtlety" and "beguiling methods" he makes me think of anything but laudable achievements.

But this is only a beginning. We read on and find such as the following: "the torments of desire," "enlarged diffusion of articles and services," "cheapen costs," "contribute to hurry up," "constant exploitation of every improvement in every article and service," "spreads a restless pillow," "the vast distribution of information, good cheer, and tribulation," "aids to sustain," "a great army of authors and artists," "constructive joy," "the hourly spread of music, entertainment, and political assertion," "in more serious turn," "the probity of the statements," and other bits of ungrammatical or unidiomatic English that I shall not mention.

This may be "English as she is spoke," but it is certainly not English as it is spoken by the great majority of native-born, educated Americans.

T. L. ROBERTS.

"If This Be Treason"

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—It has been stated in print that your editorial policy has been changed and the paper given over to the side of the wet forces because of the influence of certain wealthy men who are interested in the defeat of prohibition, and it is evident to all readers that a direct change has been made, which amounts to practical treason toward the former editors, and toward the large reading public whose interests in the paper have been gained hitherto by your strict adherence to fair and truly Christian standards. This change to the wet side has been a betrayal of their confidence.

If these words seem harsh, they must indicate to you the depth of convictions upon which our "dry" faith rests. If they are unjust the writer is willing to be convinced and to apologize. On the other hand the writer believes any magazine whose editorial policy is honest and unbiased must include in its news and editorials articles written by able men of both sides of all great issues. Failure to do so stamps that magazine as a partisan sheet and its reading matter as propaganda rather than news.

REV. J. FIELD SPEEL.

[*Editors' Note*—It seems to be impossible to convince some of our dry readers that the Outlook can be independent and still favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The republication of Dr. Lyman Abbott's disapproval of prohibition as an aid to temperance in the editorial, "Keeping the Record Straight," in the July 30 issue of the Outlook should have sufficed to refute the charge that the former editors and readers of the Outlook have been "betrayed."]

Change for the Better

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Santa Barbara, Calif.*

SIR—In days of old, I used to know the Outlook and frankly did not like either its smugness or its Rooseveltianism; and I used also to know the Independent when it was a staid and seemly journal of Victorian Presbyterianism.

Well, to confess the truth, the name Outlook and Independent conjured to my mind a journal, self-satisfied, and verbosely dull; yet to my astonishment I find it to be sprightly, entertaining, and thoroughly sophisticated, not in the puristic, but in the Manhattan meaning of that abused and overworked, yet meaning, word, in the sense in which New Yorkers used it.

It has, moreover, actually, an outlook, and actually is independent, qualities which neither of its forbears possessed.

H. C. C-T.

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